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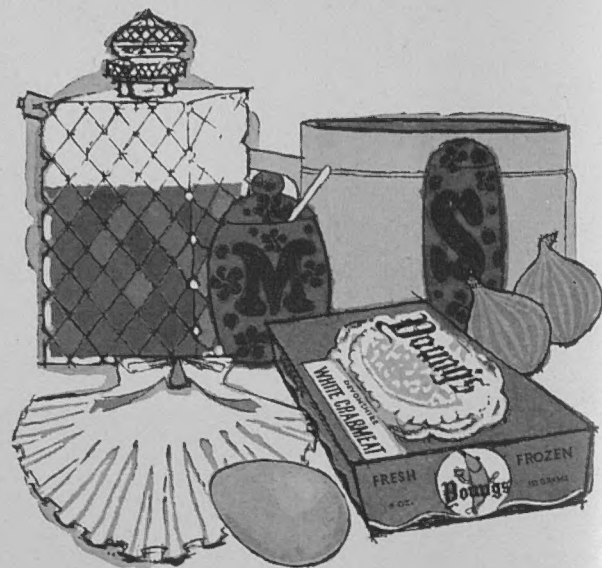


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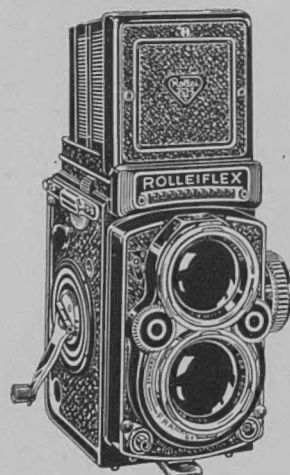
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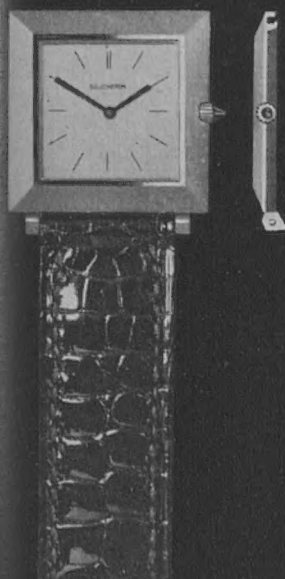
EDITOR JOHN OLIVER



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH
JEWELLERS

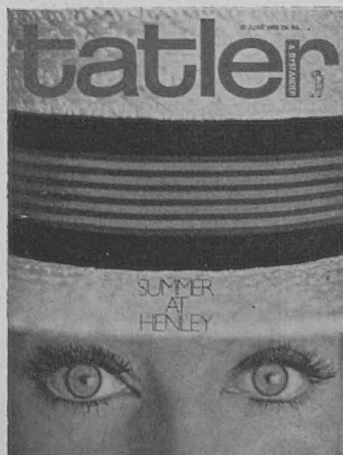
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Wide-eyed on the cover, a girl in a straw boater with an important date to keep. Her destination is Henley, whose time-honoured Royal Regatta opened this week. Douglas Calder sets the scene on page 684 in a graphic picture section photographed by Barry Swaebe. The Tatler's Muriel Bowen was at Royal Ascot; her report appears on page 675 with pictures by Van Hallan. The summer scene in Washington—Miss Bowen was there too—is featured on page 678. The cover picture is by Tony Evans, the eye make-up by Maybelline

GOING PLACES



SOCIAL & SPORTING

Henley Royal Regatta, today to 3 July.

Lawn Tennis Championships Wimbledon, to 3 July.

Eton v. Harrow, Lord's, 1, 2 July.

Antique Dealers' Fair, the Castle, Farnham, 1-3 July, in aid of the Royal Hospital and Home for Incurables, Putney.

Royal Agricultural Show, Kenilworth, 6-9 July.

Royal International Horse Show Ball, Hyde Park Hotel, 7 July. (Details, BEL 6372.)

Oxford v. Cambridge, Lord's, 7-9 July.

International Horse Jumping Championships, White City, 8-11 July.

"An Evening With The Royal Ballet" film performance, Radio Centre, E. Grinstead, 11 p.m., 9 July, in aid of the Adeline Genée Theatre. (Tickets 5s. to £2 2s., Dormans Park 227.)

V.W.H. Summer Dance, Williamstrip Park, 9 July.

Old Surrey & Burstow Hunt Ball, Gatwick Manor Inn, 9 July. (Tickets, £2 10s., from Mr. G. Perring, Old Town House, Lingfield.)

Shropshire Yeomanry Ball, Hales Hall, Market Drayton, 10 July.

Evening Garden Party, Shorrock Hill, Formby, Lancs, 8 p.m., 9 July, in aid of the Liverpool Child Welfare Association. (Invitations, 25s., Tel: Royal (Liverpool) 5206.)

Neptune Ball, Petworth House, Sussex, 9 July, in aid of the National Trust Appeal to Save the Coastline. (Tickets, £3 10s., inc. champagne, soft drinks, light supper & breakfast, from the Ball Secretary, 6 Glendower Place, S.W.7.)

Princess Grace of Monaco will attend a Sunshine Matinée by international ballet stars at Drury Lane, 2.15 p.m., 13 July, in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies. (Tickets, 7s. 6d. to £5 5s., EUS 5251.)

Great Yorkshire Show, Harrogate, 13-15 July.

Red Cross Ball, Durham Castle, 16 July, in aid of the Co. Durham branch, B.R.C.S. (Double tickets, £3 15s., inc. wine with supper, from Mrs. R. W. Annand, Durham 2826.)

Royal Bucks Yeomanry, Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, and Berkshire Battery Regt. Ball, Claydon House, Bucks., 16 July. (Double tickets, £8 8s., from Capt. A. J. E. Lloyd, 299 Regt. R.A., Oxford Rd., Aylesbury.)

Fleet Air Arm Ball, Hurlingham Club, 16 July. (Tickets, inc. all food and drink, £3 15s., 94 Piccadilly, W.1.)

POLO

Cowdray Park. Benson Cup final, 3 July; Cowdray Park Gold Cup first rounds, & League Tournament, 3, 4 July.

Aldershot Tournament, 6-9 July.

MOTOR RACING

British Grand Prix, Silverstone, 10 July.

SAILING

R.O.R.C. Cowes-Dinard race, 9 July.

Inter-Services Regatta, Sea-view, I.O.W., 10, 11 July.

Poole Y.C. Centenary Regatta, 17-18 July.

GOLF

Open Championship, Royal Birkdale, Southport, 7-9 July.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Sylvia*, tonight; *La Fille Mal Gardée*, 3 July; *Swan Lake*, 6 July. 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Covent Garden Opera. *Moses & Aaron*, 1, 7, 10 July; *Tosca*, 2, 8 July, 7.30 p.m. *Tosca*, 5 July (R.O.H. Benevolent Fund Gala), 8 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. L.S.O. with Rostropovich ('cello) 1, 3, 5, 7, 11 July, 8 p.m.; *Der Rosenkavalier* colour film, 2 July, 7 p.m.; London Mozart Players, 6 July, 8 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, to 15 August.

Fernand Léger, Gimpel Fils, to 14 August.

Morris Louis, Whitechapel Gallery, to 25 July.

Zoica Group and Alan Richards, Grabowski Gallery, to 24 July.

Summer Exhibition, Redfern Gallery, to 30 September.

FESTIVALS

Bristol Cathedral 800th anniversary, 3-9 July.

Cheltenham Music Festival (21st anniversary), 5-16 July.

Cambridge Festival, 5-22 July.

Chichester Festival, 6 July-4 September.

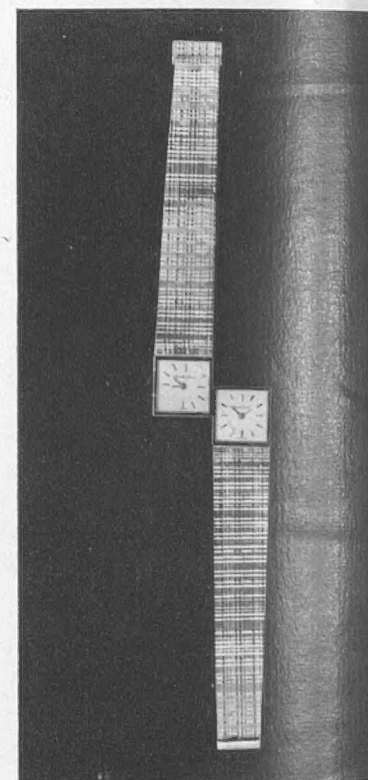
Llangollen Eisteddfod, 6-11 July.

SON ET LUMIERE

Royal Pavilion, Brighton, 10.15 p.m. nightly, ex. Sundays.

GARDENS

St. John's Wood. 9 Wellington Place, 4 Cavendish Avenue, 29 Circus Rd., 3 July, 3-6 p.m. Adm.: 1s., 3 on 1 day, 2s. 6d.



The Bueche-Girod Inter-Continental watch in 18-carat white gold features two faces for Greenwich mean time and local time. Designed with the international tycoon in mind, it retails at £240

BRIGGS by Graham





A SECOND LOOK AT HISTORY

For long enough, and for too many people perhaps, the business of Runnymede and the sealing by King John of Magna Carta in 1215 has been a noble, worthy but vague episode from the history books. So it was for playwright John Arden when the Corporation of London commissioned him to write a play on the subject to commemorate the 750th anniversary of the sealing. Arden discovered quickly that the agreement between John and his barons was repudiated quite swiftly and so, rather than simply write a historical epic of events leading up to the sealing, he also uses the play to discuss liberty, its nature and implications. The play is currently in repertory at the Mermaid Theatre with Patrick Wymark as King John (above with Georgina Simpson and Esmond Knight), and manages to cover considerable medieval ground including unproved stories such as the King's relationship with Lady de Vesci. The top picture shows Christina Greatrex, Roy Hills (Prince Henry), Jennifer Clulow (Queen Isabelle), Georgina Simpson and Barbara Mitchell as Lady de Vesci. The play, *Left-handed Liberty*, is directed by David William

Doone Beal / The perils and pleasures of Paris

GOING PLACES

Perhaps the first lesson to be re-learned about France in general, and Paris in particular, is not to expect of it some kind of gastronomic alchemy. It has come under some heavy editorial fire of late (one extreme always breeds another), but the truth is that, whether or not French cooking has declined, our own has come up; and many people now know, also, the pleasures of Italian, Spanish and Greek food at first hand: not so fine, certainly, as French food at its best; but fresh, agreeable and half the price.

With few exceptions, one great peril of Paris (unless you know the city like the back of your hand, or are escorted by

knowing friends) is that of trying to beat the book. Having left the Michelin behind, we set out one Friday evening in the certainty that any fool could find a good restaurant within 10 minutes' walk of the Rue de Seine, in the heart of Saint-Germain des Près. The one we chose, in the Place de l'Odéon, was not even listed in the Guide. But it was nicely lit and pleasant, the *patron* smiled and the menu seemed promising. The fresh grilled sardines tasted of old Breton fishing boats and engine oil, but only later did the *patron* explain that, what with the recent storms, of course the sardines were salted, but surely one had to admit they were fresh, since



they were not *en boîte*? The rest of the meal was too dismal to recount, but the bill was 100 francs for two.

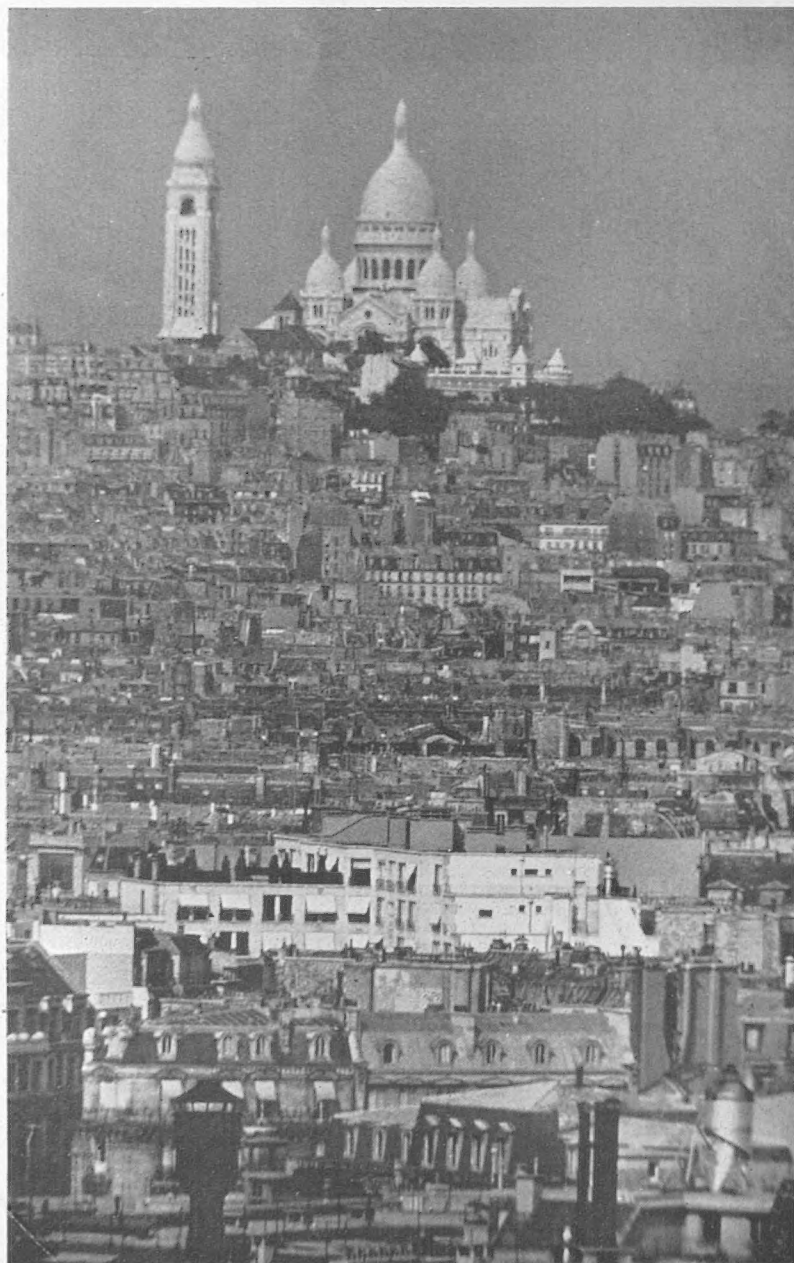
In the square mile bound by the Deux Magots and the Boul' Mich, Boulevards St. Germain and Montparnasse, there are indeed a quantity of good little restaurants and *bistrot*s not always listed in Michelin. But the penalty is having to share a table—that is, if you are lucky enough to find a seat at all. The patrons are mostly students and the young, who go

ABROAD

there because the food is cheap, as well (presumably, since I never dined in one) as good.

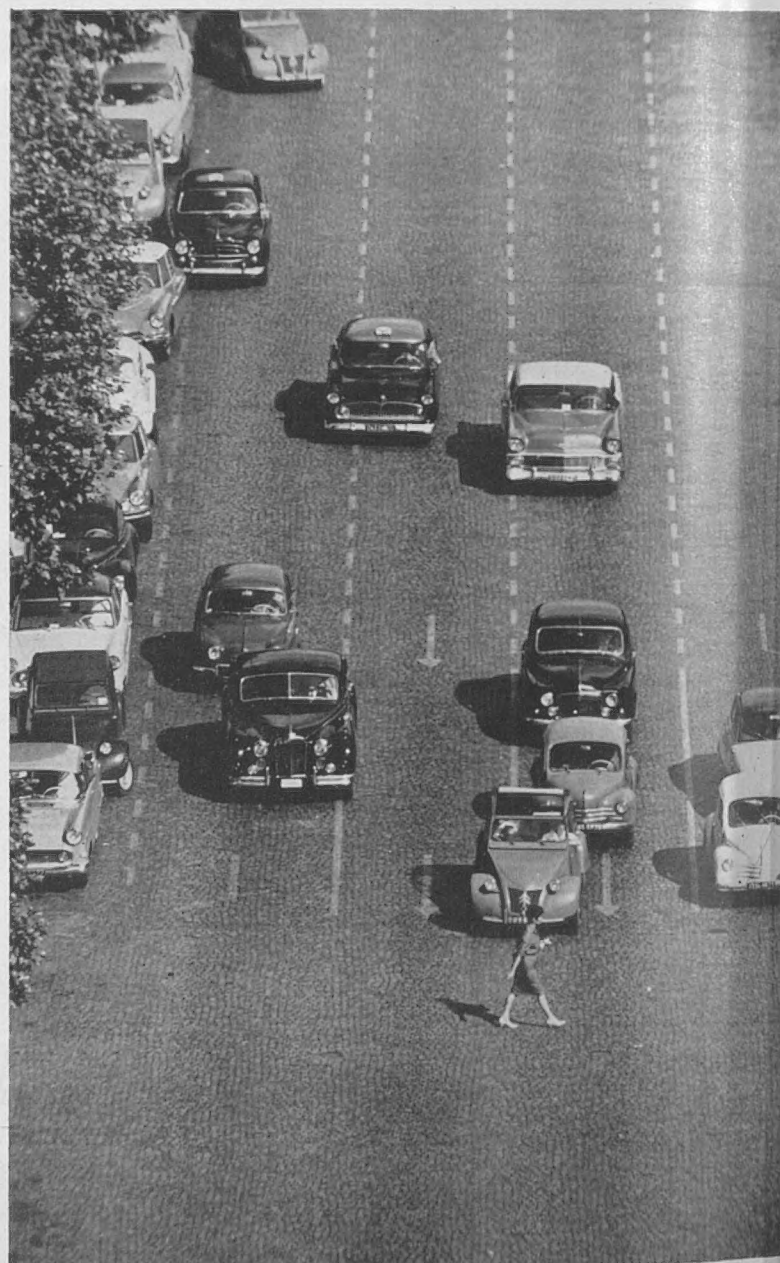
Money no object, I like the Vert-Gallant (on Quai des Orfèvres) as well as any. For one thing it looks so pretty: the sunlight off the water dapples the ceiling in a kaleidoscope of reflections, and the décor is pleasantly *auberge*-like. Add comfort, space and unimpeachable service to the kind of food that cannot be found as a matter of course, even in Paris: *soufflé de barbe*, for example, served with a *sauce mousseline*; or *pannequet*, which is a sweet soufflé embedded in a pancake and filled with crystallised fruit. A three-course lunch for

CONTINUED ON PAGE 670



PHOTOGRAPHS: ANTHONY HOWARTH

The Church of Sacré Coeur crowns the jumbled roofs of Montmartre



A pédestrienne stops the traffic in the Champs Elysées

Where the flying fishes play...

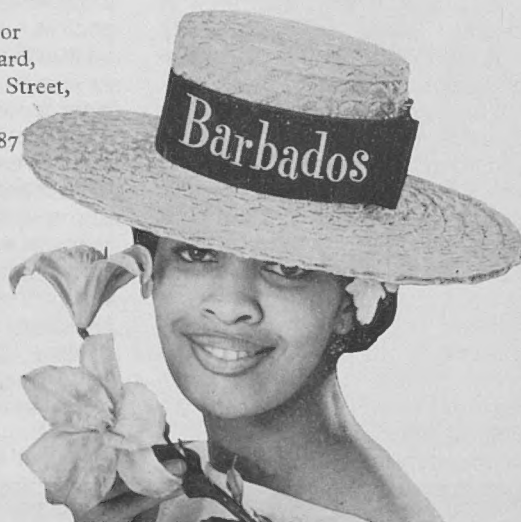
Barbados

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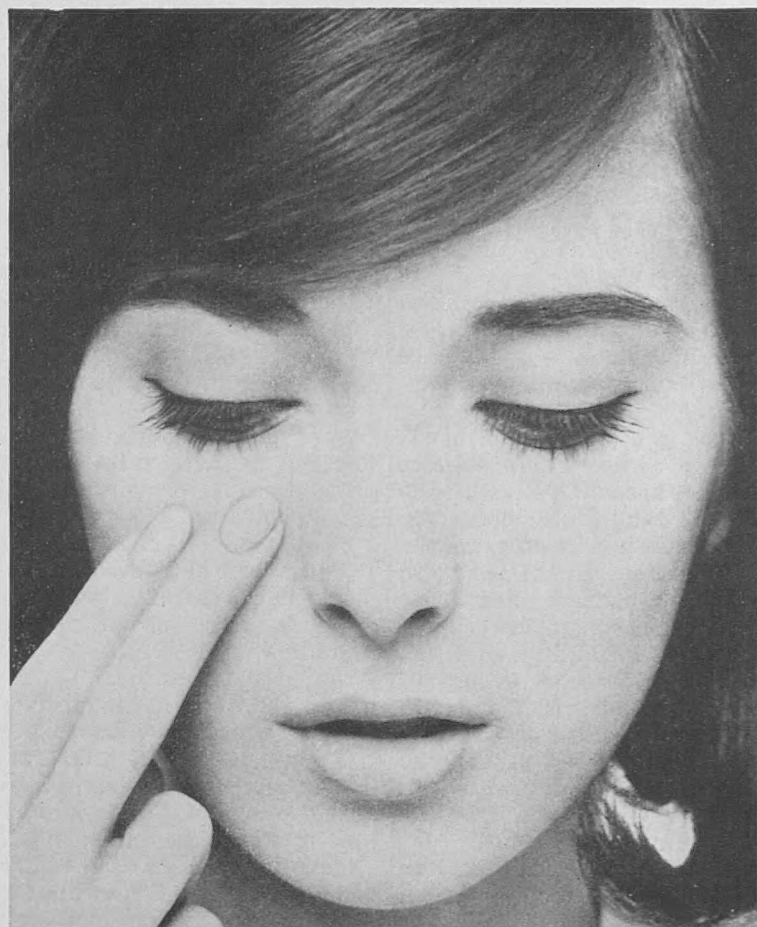


Barbados is a singular island

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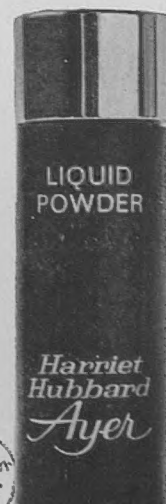
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LIQUID POWDER

**Harriet
Hubbard
Ayer**



continued from page 668

two, with aperitifs, wine, liqueurs and coffee came to 145 francs.

Another memorable restaurant for unusual food is Le Pizou, on Rue de Régard. It looks rustic and rather simple. The *cuisine* is that of Périgord, the district inland from Bordeaux which is most famous for its *foie d'oie* and its truffles. A house speciality, La Perle du Périgord, costs caviare prices but justifiably: it consists of a whole black truffle, cooked in a *broche* and served with a *sauce Périgordine*. Another is *confit d'oie*, which is rich, fattening and delicious. After such an assault on the liver, Mme. Babilliot, the *patronne*, usually offers her *liqueur des prunes*. The price of a meal like this, in a good but not luxe restaurant, is high: 96 francs, or just over £7 for two; but then the food is certainly special. And I could name quite five restaurants in London where you pay as much, for less.

Au Petit Bédon, in Rue Pergolèse (two stars in Michelin) is not, considering

its own standards, expensive, though a meal for two cost 160 francs: it is impossible to beat the book in expecting any starred restaurant to be cheap. Bédon, personally operated by chef Bernard, is true to the great traditions and one grudges the cost less than, for example, Fouquet's, which has only the service and ambience of a high-class brasserie. In that kind of mood, I should far prefer the Brasserie Lipp (opposite Deux Magots in Bld. St. Germain); it is smoky, crowded, and genuine, but don't treat it too casually: you must either go there quite early in the evening, or very late, or book a table.

In fact you have to book pretty well anywhere in Paris that is worth going to, regardless of price and status. Chez Pauline, in Rue Villedo (near the Opera) is an example of a purely Parisian bistro, very chic of its kind, which has been adopted by people who know about food. Try their creamy *moules* soup (not to be confused with *marinière*) called "billy bicho"; and their *ris de veau en crôte*. There is no wine list. The wine of the house, white or

red, is dumped on the table before you, and prices are accordingly far lower than those on any list. I noticed, in a far more august establishment, the Frenchman who waved away the list and ordered a simple *carafe*. It is base one in earning the *sommelier's* respect, if not his gratitude.

There is a special mood that takes one to Les Halles, and Le Grille, in Rue Montorgeuille, is a classic of its kind; a polished duck press, a gleaming brass cash register, an eccentricity of bottles, piles of fruit and dark oak make it look like a Dutch still life. The food is hearty: *pieds de porc*, steak à la *moelle* and wonderful game in season, especially hare.

The Champs de Mars, in the Avenue de la Motte-Picquet, epitomises the genuine, bourgeois Paris restaurant which is getting harder and harder to find. M. Troquier, a distinguished Frenchman of the old school, is content with his one Michelin star but disinterested in sales talk and presentation. He offers some regional specialities, including several versions of *tripes* and a *cassoulet*, and supremely good

versions of otherwise quite simple food.

My last suggestion from a recent survey is Le Chop D'Anton, in carrefour Odéon. Graced only by two forks in Michelin, one dined as well there for half the price (45 francs for two) as in many other places. The *plats du jour* include dishes such as *blanquette de veau* and *filet de boeuf en crôte*, beautifully and simply done. The chef remarked to me that French food was nothing like so complicated as foreigners who tried to copy it believed.

Michelin now publish a slim pocket guide to Paris restaurants only which, like the parent volume, has cross-references as to price, district and regional specialities. Marrying one requirement off with another makes fascinating reading. They list 24 restaurants at 15 francs (just over £1) or less, to include cover and service charges and half a *carafe* of wine per head. And, tucked away among those restaurants, with only one or two *fourchettes* and no stars, may lie some of the richest prizes of the lot.



A famous Parisian landmark dear to the British expatriate

GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. Closed Sundays

W.B. Wise to book a table

Albany Restaurant, White House, Albany Street, Regent's Park. Open for luncheon and dinner to 11.30 p.m. C.S. (EUS 1200). I have one regret only about this restaurant—that I did not hear about it sooner. It is a long time since I have enjoyed a meal so much. The *quenelles de brochet*, *sauce Nantua*, were as good as those one gets at the Hotel du Midi at Lamastre, and I do not think I can give higher praise than that. There followed a dish that the chef was anxious I should try, in which he had combined herbs, cheese and other delights with a tender breast of chicken. It was quite excellent. The waiting was impeccable and the *maitre d'hôtel* took a constant interest in our enjoyment.

The wine list is notable, not only for its length and high quality, but also for the moderate prices. I am quite sure it is one of the best lists in London and one of the most favourably priced. It contains such rarities as a Bouzy Rouge—the only red wine of the Champagne Region—a *pétillant vin de Loire*, and some of the rare wine imported by Asher Storey.

As to cost you will not be far wrong to allow about 14s. for your main course. This is a sophisticated restaurant for sophisticated people, and that goes for the décor as well. Note as you enter the display of cold dishes. W.B.

Au Jardin des Gourmets, 5, Greek Street. C.S. (GER 1816).

A lady of my acquaintance who has a long-standing partiality for this restaurant—which is as French as its name implies—explains it with a quotation from Brillat-Savarin. "The love of good living is in some sort instinctive in women because it is favourable to beauty." You go there to eat, not to worry about whether the décor suits what you are wearing. The chances are that it will not. My favourites are the *pâté maison*, which is strictly a terrine, and consistently excellent, and the *coquille de fruits de mer*, which I would back against all comers. The sauces for both fish and meat are some of the best in London, and the cold salmon trout, when on the menu, not to be missed. The wine list is remarkable in quality, and most reasonable in price. I understand that the "patron" spends a good deal of time in the kitchen. He knows where to find bread that will make decent toast, and that takes some doing nowadays. W.B.

Glasgow bargain

The *table d'hôte* luncheon gives a choice of six first courses, eight main dishes, and six sweets. The cost of the meal is 10s. 6d. A friend who is highly expert on food and wines, with a particular knowledge of France, describes it as "the best value I have come across

anywhere in Europe in recent days."

The restaurant so highly praised is the **Chevalier** at 240 Buchanan Street, Glasgow (Douglas 8808), the latest one opened by the likeable and enterprising Mr. Reo Stakis. The Chevalier specializes in dishes of the Levant, including Aubergine Tiganiton (5s. 6d.), Dolmades Avgolemono (14s. 6d.), and Tava (12s. 6d.). Keftedes (15s.) and Caucasian Shaslik (14s.) are other specialities. The range of the wine list is from a little under 20s. for a Greek wine, an Anjou Rosé, or a white Bordeaux, to 85s. for a Château Margaux 1957. My choice would be a red Bordeaux, Château Belleville Blaye 1957 at 25s. There is, of course, *ouzo* as the proper aperitif for Levantine and Greek food, and *retsina* to go with the moussaka or pilaff. W.B.

Wine note

Well-known for German wines, Duthie & Co. of Croydon are also the sole agents in the U.K. for a range of sherries produced by the Ruiz Mateos family and sold under the name Diestro Reserva Especial. The wines are Manzanilla, Fino, Amontillado, Oloroso, and Cream. All are bottled in Jerez, and the bottles, which have a distinctive label, are numbered. I made a particular note of the Manzanilla and Amontillado, but all are wines of notable quality.

... and a reminder

Berkeley Hotel Restaurant.

(HYD 8282.) Has the air of elegance that is conducive to the proper enjoyment of the fine wines and food served in it. What the French call *classique*.

Fifty-Five, 55 Jermyn Street (HYD 2011.) Useful for a business or shopping luncheon, but popular for dancing at night. Good value for money.

Maison Basque, Dover Street (HYD 2651.) With its warm, friendly atmosphere, and good French cooking, it has maintained its popularity with the discerning.

Braganza Restaurant.

56 Frith Street, Soho. (GER 5412.) In the same building as the Magnum Room. Fine for fish as well as meat. Good value for money.

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Among the unusual features of the new Piccadilly Hotel in Manchester is the King Cotton Bar, entirely appropriate in one of the world's famous textile centres. 70 panels round the walls tell the story of cotton. The bar has a front made of cotton bales, the ceiling resembles shuttles.



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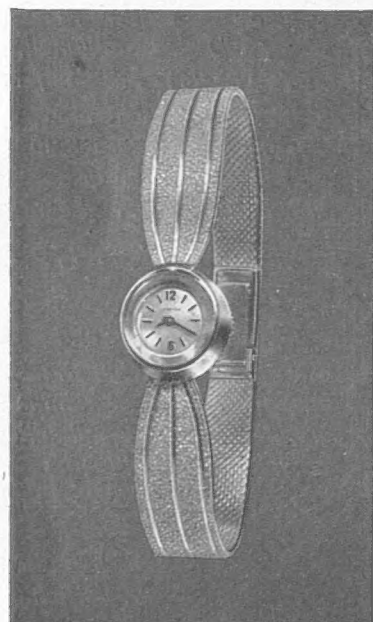
Gentleman's 18 ct. gold watch with calendar on flexible bracelet. £220.0.0.



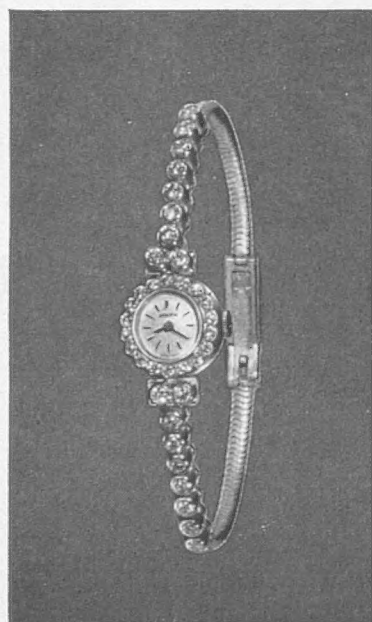
Gentleman's 18 ct. gold, extra thin watch on straps. £89.0.0.



Gentleman's 18 ct. gold, automatic watch with calendar. On straps. £95.0.0.



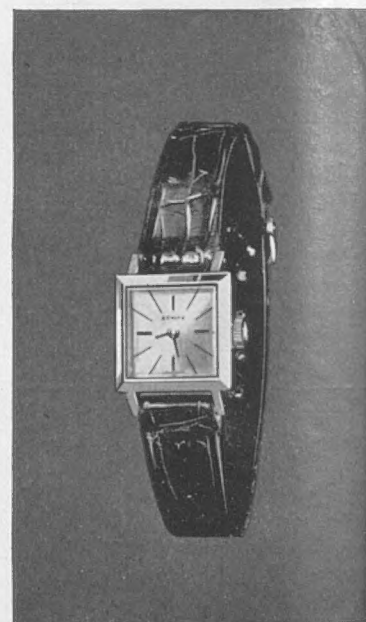
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ON GOLD CUP DAY AT ASCOT

the Queen and Prince Philip made their traditional drive along the course in an open carriage. Later they watched from the Royal Box as Lester Piggott brought home Lady Mairi Bury's Fighting Charlie to win the big race. It was Piggott's fifth Gold Cup win. Ascot lived up to its immemorial reputation of outrageous hats and intermittent rain squalls. More pictures overleaf set the scene. Muriel Bowen writes on page 676



A wide-awake Ascot hat for Miss Penny Ridsdale and a straw for her mother, Mrs. Julian Ridsdale, wife of the M.P. for Harwich



A straw bonnet provided shade from the fitful Ascot sunshine for Lady Antonia Fraser, wife of the Hon. Hugh Fraser, M.P.



The sun was shining—for the moment—but the Marchioness of Blandford had her umbrella unfurled



Countess Beatty chose a turban for the second day at Ascot



Miss Madeleine Rampling wore flowers on her picture hat



Coaches at Putney

Mr John Seabrook, a visitor from New Jersey, drives his coach over Putney Bridge en route from the 162nd official Meet of the Coaching Club in Richmond Park to the Hurlingham Club, where members held their annual dinner. Mr. Seabrook's passengers included his wife and his daughter Carol, Sir Brian and

Lady Mountain and Sir Mark Norman. Following is Mr. S. E. Wildblood's coach. *Below, left:* Colonel J. R. Burgess, who drove the R.A.S.C. coach. *Below, right:* Mrs. M. A. Q. Darley, wife of Lt.-Col. M. A. Q. Darley, travelled on one of the regimental coaches and wore a hat to suit the occasion. Ten coaches took part





Mr. & Mrs. Peter Cadbury, who gave an Ascot party at their home, Crutchfield Manor House, Bracknell. Guests were received in the open air, but the weather forced them inside



Mrs. Peter Donald and Sir David Hope-Dunbar, Bt.



Viscountess Vaughan with Mr. Ronald Flower, whose wife, Lady Gloria Flower, is Viscount Vaughan's sister



The Hon. Mrs. Evans and Viscount Vaughan

Umbrella days at Ascot

by Muriel Bowen

The most serious time of day at Ascot is the early morning. At breakfast time I found an array of people out in serviceable rather than Royal Enclosure clothes; serious people full of horse talk, carrying notebooks and gold pencils. Some owners were seeing their horses worked as they dipped into basket hampers for bacon-and-egg sandwiches. THE DUKE OF NORFOLK went past in a golf cart on his way to inspect the course. He was accompanied by his daughter LADY ANNE FITZALAN-HOWARD with her dog in pursuit.

THE QUEEN STRIDES OUT

The first two days of the Royal meeting were umbrella days. Racegoers huddled under umbrellas that were inadequate to cope with the driving rain, or retreated to the bar in White's or the Carlton tents. THE QUEEN was imprisoned by the rain behind the glass-fronted Royal Box. But only for a time. Leaving the rest of her family behind in the warmth (PRINCE PHILIP had his feet up reading the paper), she set off for the paddock. She, and also the retinue of officials who accompanied her in buttoned-up raincoats, enjoyed the avalanche of cameramen who came out of nowhere to photograph the little procession walking across the well-groomed but sodden lawns.

As always the real pleasure of Ascot was seeing it from the regal grandeur of a box. The MAHARANEE OF BARODA was entertaining in her box, and others with boxes were Mr. CHARLES CLORE accompanied by his clever children ALAN and VIVIEN, who are both up at Oxford; LORD & LADY CORNWALLIS; and SIR HUGH GREENE, taking a day off from the financial worries of the B.B.C.

FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD

The tipsters said it would be a French Ascot and they were wrong. LADY MAIRI BURY from Northern Ireland took the race of the week, the Gold Cup, with Fighting Charlie, a horse she bred herself from a mare left her by her father, the late Marquess of Londonderry.

There were a great many interesting and distinguished foreigners. Mr. J. M. SEABROOK of New Jersey, one of America's most accomplished whips, came in a borrowed drag drawn by four well-matched greys which he had purchased on the Continent earlier in the year. (See pictures on page 675.) The new Mongolian Ambassador Mr. RELEG BALGINNIAM told me, through an interpreter, that it was "all rather like Mongolia—we have a lot of racehorses there."

NOT SO ELEGANT

Beautiful clothes were spoiled by the rain (especially all those white, braid-trimmed Courrèges suits), and some women bought evening newspapers just to shield their hats from the worst of the weather. There were of course plenty of people who didn't mind at all, making the journey to the paddock before each race; people like Mr. & Mrs. STANHOPE JOEL; VISCOUNTESS WEIR; LADY STRATHCARRON; LORD & LADY PORCHESTER; and—a little surprisingly perhaps—American playwright TENNESSEE WILLIAMS.

Despite the surge of clothes buying in advance, there is no denying that Ascot is not so smart as it used to be. My own guess is that a bad weather record is to blame. Certainly both Goodwood and York's Ebor meeting have a more elegant audience. Though the general impression wasn't smart, there were some women whose good dressing riveted attention, notably Mrs. JIM MULLION; the MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD; PRINCESS ALEXANDRA; Mrs. ANNE BIDDLE; and the BEGUM AGA KHAN, whose simple, fitted lace dress, with a single string of pearls and picture hat, was outstanding.

SPLASHING AND SHAKING

At Eton the Fourth of June passed off with no more than a splashing of eggs and tomatoes—despite worse expectations. The protest march about public schools got a vigorous reception from the Etonians. The new Provost, LORD CACCIA, was very much in evidence and both he and LADY CACCIA had to do a substantial amount of hand shaking—something, no doubt, that comes easier after long years in the diplomatic service.

The Provost's study at Eton, by the way, is about to have a new look. A van brought some 30 stuffed heads and birds from the Foreign Office the other day—Lord Caccia was until recently its chief.

A BEVY OF PARTIES

In the evening Mrs. JOHN TILNEY gave a buffet supper at the Guildhall, Windsor, for her son TONY HUNTER TILNEY. He is now Captain of his House, and plans a career in medicine. The lovely old Wren building made a perfect setting for an evening party. Mr. JOHN TILNEY, M.P., the hostess's husband, helped to entertain the guests, who included MARGARET LADY GRANT; COUNTESS JELlicoe and her daughter LADY ALEXANDRA JELlicoe; Mr. JAMES RAMSDEN, M.P., & Mrs. RAMSDEN; and the EARL & COUNTESS OF INCHCAPE.

There was a whole bevy of parties in connection with the Fourth. Mrs. HUGH MACKAY and Mrs. STEPHEN JACOBS had both hired steamers moored on the Thames for luncheon parties. In the evening Mrs. EDWARD PHILLIPS had a cocktail party at the Old Place, near Boveney.

THE ENTERTAINERS

I have recently been making some inquiries about how businessmen in other countries cope with expense account entertaining.

West Germany has had Mr. CALLAGHAN's system in operation for some time but takes it further. Hunting invitations, for example cannot be set off against tax. (Hunting in West Germany means shooting.) The United States did some stiffening up two years ago, though howls of protest succeeded in getting the original ideas modified. Now you can spend up to £9 on a lunch for business contacts without getting the amount turned down by the taxman. Sweden has a tighter limit. There the tax-free lunch cannot cost more than 35s.

In Japan, everything, even the golf club subscription, goes on expenses. The Argentine is fussy about receipts and waiters do a successful business in selling them. But Russia is the highest bliss to the top man. No inquiries at all are made by the taxman as to how the executive spends his expense allowance.



Mr. & Mrs. John Guest gave an Ascot party at their home, Ascot Hill House. Mrs. Guest (above) is with the Rev. William Howell. Again outdoor plans were cancelled by torrential rain



Lord Wakefield of Kendal with his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Raynsford



Miss Francesca Rome



Mr. Ashley Guest, who had backed the first four winners on Royal Hunt Cup Day, with Mrs. Michael Cunningham-Reid and Mr. Gerald Churcher

The World of the White House

Muriel Bowen in America

Just about everything President & Mrs. Lyndon Johnson do nowadays is keyed to Vietnam. So when they held a reception at the White House last week, followed by a buffet dinner and concert in the garden, few guests minded or were surprised when their host and hostess arrived 35 minutes late.

The President has a deep suntan and looked extremely fit, contrary to the impression given by recent photographs. He greeted me with his unruffled Texan drawl and his famous stone-breaker handshake. The worries of having some 90,000 troops embroiled in war did not appear to be weighing unduly on Lyndon Johnson. But then there have also been the spectacular successes of his Presidency, mammoth programmes settled without fuss, things like Civil Rights and the controversial medical care for the aged.

I had flown from London two days before. Leaving London Airport after lunch in a Pan American World Airways jet flying at 500 miles an hour, eight miles high, I was in Washington 35 minutes ahead of schedule. (Ground transportation companies please note.) This Pan American plane gave me my first experience of flying a long distance Economy Class in comfort. There was plenty of room and I was served superbly cooked hot meals.

THE HEART OF TEXAS

I viewed with considerable misgivings the reported Texanization of the White House. Well, it's happened, and a good thing too, for the President's house now has a warmth it hasn't known in years.

The formal touch at the party didn't last for long. A scarlet-coated orchestra played *Hail to the Chief*, and a Serviceman in summer white called out names in the oval drawing room, known as the Blue Room, where President & Mrs. Johnson received their guests. And that was the end of protocol.

The guests rushed happily from room to room looking at the pictures and beautiful *objets d'art*. The party quickly assumed the atmosphere of a visit to old friends. The Johnsons like it that way. It was more by way of explanation of what goes on than complaint that the President said: "Sometimes I've been interrupted in my nap by Ladybird and Laurence Rockefeller and 70 or 80 other people talking about flowers . . ." In some ways it might be described as a bigger version of Downing Street under the Douglas-Homes.

THE EDICT AND THE CHOICE

There was a long buffet in the dining room with a wide variety of drinks and those nice substantial Texas canapés that don't disintegrate in your hand. The success of Mrs. Kennedy's redecorating is everywhere to be admired. The dining room is no bigger than one would find in a fairly large English country house, but the white and gold colour scheme gives it new lightness and beauty.

In view of the recent White House edict to ambassadors that American drinks should be served at parties—not to mention our own



President Lyndon Johnson addresses students of Catholic University, Washington, at commencement exercises. Behind him is his top secret service agent, Rufus Youngblood, in cap and gown. "He is not a graduate but we thought that the best way to make him look inconspicuous was to give him a cap and gown," a spokesman for the University told Muriel Bowen. When President Kennedy was shot, Youngblood jumped on the then Vice-President, Lyndon Johnson, who was in a following car, in order to protect him. On the right is the aged Speaker of the House of Representatives, Mr. John McCormack of Massachusetts

balance of payments problems with the Americans—it was good to find that there was no more popular drink at the President's party than British Beefeater gin. The President likes to drink Bourbon, so his press office informed me, and no doubt it is true. But I am assured by his friends that his favourite drink is Scotch.

As the President and his wife moved among the guests there was no stiffening of the atmosphere, nor were there any visible aides or equeuries. What was remarkable in the circumstances was the good manners of the guests. They did not push forward nor stop and stare. They continued chatting in their little groups, just as they would do at a private party.

As guests moved out on the lawn, the President and Senator William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations, disappeared upstairs—"to talk about Vietnam, I suppose," as Mrs. Fulbright put it. Their talk continued aboard the Presidential yacht, *Honey Fitz*, during a late evening cruise on the Potomac.

Outdoors, the Johnsons' second daughter, 18-year-old Luci, took over as hostess as previously forecast. She chatted earnestly to the younger guests on science and baseball, but curtsied to the older ones and waited for them to do the talking.

THE CLASSIC SETTING

In the warm darkness of a Washington evening the outdoor setting of the party assumed the grandeur that the English more readily associate with Rome or Athens than with Washington. The Jefferson Memorial building with its fine columns glowed in milky whiteness. The White House fountains reflected the light shining on the shaft of the Washington Monument.

In this setting of stunning beauty came the

climax of the party—a concert on a stage that looked like a gigantic half-shell set on the side of the lawn. It was an all-tastes sort of concert with a Beatle-looking group who sang folk songs, and a classical pianist of only 20.

What made this party so interesting—and so different from anything to be seen at Buckingham Palace or No. 10—were the guests. It was given for the top high school students (private and state schools) from the 50 States. To meet them the President & Mrs. Johnson had invited about 60 people, famous in a score of fields.

THE FAVOURED BRITON

The guest of honour might have been Lady Jackson, better known as economist Barbara Ward, from the way Mrs. Johnson kept bringing up guests and introducing them. "I'm lecturing at Harvard—I come every year—my husband (Sir Robert Jackson) is at the U.N. and we're busy on work to do with the underdeveloped countries," Miss Ward told me.

In informed Washington political circles they say that there is no Briton closer to the President and Mrs. Johnson than Miss Ward. She and her husband are regular visitors to the White House; they stay overnight, and they come and go by what Washington calls "the family door." Their views are sought and respected on all sorts of projects from the President's programme to beautify the United States to America's massive aid offer to Korea.

Miss Ward, who is tall, slim and dark, is the sort of woman American men like. She mixes brilliance with wit and is considered extremely good company. President Kennedy used to invite her to the White House, and Mr. Adlai Stevenson enjoys having her to dinner in his Waldorf Towers flat in New York. She is one

of President Johnson's "Inner Circle," one of those unofficial people he trusts and consults. In Washington they say she knows as much of the President's thinking as Lord Harlech did of Mr. Kennedy's when he was our Ambassador in Washington.

THE KENNEDY SHINE

At President Johnson's parties there is no wondering who people are—we all wore name tags that could be read at ten feet. I talked to Yale freshman Dan Schollander, who was hardly off our TV screens last Olympics when he won four swimming Golds; and to Col. John Glenn, America's first space hero. Then there was Dr. Jonas Salk ("there is no escaping it—I'm what people call 'the vaccine man'"), and Mr. Francis Keppel, brilliant head of government education and an amusing person too. He went to some lengths to discover, correctly, that one of the distinguished guests was wearing a wig!

On Washington's bookstalls Mrs. Kennedy's face looks out from every other cover. Young girls in particular who dream of one day marrying a man who will be President of the United States like to model their hair and clothes on hers. There are stacks of books about her husband. He left the Presidency, as the Americans put it, "shined up." He took politics out of the dust, made them meaningful to younger people and something to aim at.

This isn't to say that President and Mrs. Johnson are overshadowed, or at least only abroad, not in the U.S. Washington speaks warmly of Mrs. Johnson. With women in particular she has made much more of an impact than any President's wife since Mrs. Roosevelt.

THE PREJUDICED COMPUTERS

They like her easy, friendly warmth and the enthusiasm (plus the quiet business acumen that made her a millionairess) for good projects. I could not but notice a couple of Negro gardeners planting trees along Connecticut Avenue in a really broiling sun. "Part of Mrs. Johnson's 'beautify Washington' campaign," said my friends in the city.

The President admires successful women. He has often said that the people to whom he owed most were his mother and his wife. The Johnson girls are encouraged to take an interest in people and things round them, to give dinners and balls for the sons and daughters of prominent people who may visit Washington. There seemed to be more women newspaper reporters at the White House, and prettier ones too. At White House balls the President is as likely to give them his thoughts on Vietnam or anything else that is on his mind, as he is to indulge in small talk. However, his much-publicized project to put more women in high places in government isn't meeting with the success he had hoped for. The trouble is the computers. When top jobs need filling in Washington the details of the applicants are fed into a computer, and the computer has been chucking out the women! They fall out not on academic grounds but on lack of comparative experience.

THE IDEAS OMBUDSMAN

Of the advisers close to President Johnson, the most interesting and versatile of all is Dr. Eric Goldman, Princeton's professor of history who is on loan. Unlike Mr. Wilson's much-heralded



Writers, artists and patrons of the arts gathered at the White House last week for the first Festival of American Arts ever to be held there. Mrs. Johnson is pictured above with Roberta Peters, who sang in the state dining room during the twelve-hour Festival, and Helen Hayes, doyenne of the U.S. stage, who compered a 30-minute drama programme in the ballroom

ombudsman who is to deal with complaints, Dr. Goldman is an ideas ombudsman.

When he put the idea to the President of having a gigantic festival of the arts at the White House, the whole thing happened precisely three weeks later. In fact so anxious were American museums and art connoisseurs to lend their treasures that pieces of sculpture stood in frozen repose on the White House tennis court for days waiting for show.

Just now Dr. Goldman is tackling the thorniest problem of all. How to revitalize the States—as we are trying to do with our County Councils—so that they can successfully tackle the bigger job they are having to do. For this and other projects he has persuaded America's finest brains to help. "In England you would probably go to the universities, but here I find them more in the corporations and big business," he told me. I asked how Cabinet Ministers relished his power and his closeness to the President. He savours the words before speaking them. "Not much. But they are very co-operative now."

THE WELL-WORN CARPET

Though it always rises before dinner, I found that the Senate could be more busy than the House of Commons for a popular senator. The first thing to strike me when I visited Senator Robert Kennedy was the worn carpet until I realised that a fair slice of New York came in and out. His following in the country is immense—1,811 letters a day on average in the previous week plus 47 invitations to make speeches. Some of the letters are from children, but a considerable number come from people who like to shoot and are against forthcoming legislation that would prevent them buying guns from mail order houses. (President Ken-

nedy was killed by a gun bought by mail order.) A large board by the side of his desk had drawings by his children and a newly arrived one from his niece. Written in crayon, on it was "To Bobby, Love Caroline."

He had obviously been very moved by the ceremonies to commemorate his brother at Runnymede. "It was something my family will never forget," he told me.

Washington is one of the most exciting of places to visit and to it President Johnson has brought the excitement and vigour of the frontier and the West. Next week I'll have something to say of Britain's image in America.

THE ACTION TOWN

In her office a couple of blocks from the White House I talked to Mrs. Katherine Graham, whose *Washington Post* (the only morning newspaper in Washington), *Newsweek* and chain of *Post-Newsweek* radio and TV stations make her one of the most powerful women in the U.S. Mrs. Graham is one of those people who, despite a well-filled diary, treats life with a high degree of calm. She talks in such a lively way about people and Washington that one tends to overlook her good looks, good clothes (white linen suit edged with navy) and her unextravagant charm.

In what ways does she find Washington changing? "It is more of an action town than it ever was. I think the President is a great one for getting things done."

TAILPIECE

One of the two women in the United States Senate has recently re-married. However, Senator Maurine Neuberger is sticking to her old name. Strange really, considering she now has every right to call herself Senator Solomon.

A ceremony in the Temple

Miss Deborah Walker-Smith, elder daughter of Sir Derek Walker-Smith, Bt., Q.C., M.P., and Lady Walker-Smith, was married at the Temple Church to Mr. Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson, son of

Mr. George Sinclair-Stevenson, of Hong Kong, and of Mrs. Sinclair-Stevenson, of Jay Mews, Westminster. A reception was held at the Savoy. The bride's father is a former Minister of Health

The bride & bridegroom with Peregrine Armstrong-Jones, son of Mr. Ronald Armstrong-Jones, Q.C., one of the two pages



Mrs. Harry Middleton with another of the five attendants, Emma Berry



Mr. Richard Butler and his fiancée, Miss Diana Borg



Dr. & Mrs. Leonard Simpson



The bridegroom's grandmother, Mrs. William Gordon

Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer

Miss Patricia Heinemann and Mrs. Dudley Smith



This very patchy summer is not being kind to outdoor events, but the garden fête held recently in the grounds of the British Sailors' Children's Home, Lagari, Rhu, had brilliant weather, with the result that nearly 3,000 people turned out and the funds benefited by about £2,000. The fête was opened by comedian Lex McLean and among those present were Sir Ivar Colquhoun of Luss, chairman for Scotland of the British Sailors' Society, Sir Alistair and Lady Denny (Lady Denny is president of the Ladies Guild of the Society from which members of the garden fête committee were drawn) and Lady Cunningham-Graham, also a member of the Guild. Local representatives of the Navy and the Army were on the committee and the Navy, with its usual efficiency, took over the children's corner, complete with pirates, Neptune, and a hilarious "crossing the line" ceremony.

One of the most enterprising efforts, I thought, was the hat stall which offered about 800 new or nearly new "models." So attractive were they that about 400 had been sold before the stall officially opened for business.

The British Sailors' Society has several more bright dates in the offing. There is to be a dance at Alloway, Ayrshire, in September, and the committee, led by Lady Headley, Lady Peto and Lady Moore, is already hard at work organizing it. The junior sub-committee is headed by Lady Elizabeth Montgomerie. Also in September, and again in October, there are to be two whisky tastings, one in Glasgow, the other in Largs. It's my guess that these are two occasions on which the male contingent may well predominate.

Figures in the mist

Not quite so fortunate with the weather were the Midlothian Unionist Association, who held their fête at Bavelaw Castle, Balerno. On the same day the Berwickshire Unionists had a fête at The Hirsell, Sir Alec Douglas-Home's home at Coldstream. Sir Alec himself opened the fête and, though the sun didn't shine, the weather was sufficiently fine to attract over 1,000 people, many of whom had come a

were in full flourish in The Hirsell woods.

At Bavelaw, however, the mist was so thick during the afternoon that marquees only a matter of yards away disappeared completely. But somewhere in the mist there lurked quite a number of the faithful and a few hundred pounds rolled in to swell the funds. Apart from the committee who had worked so hard for the success of the fête, I was sorriest for Mr. Michael Noble who had come to open it, and for the owners of Bavelaw Castle, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Miller, who on this occasion were opening their grounds to the public for the first time since they bought the castle about two years ago. Bavelaw is one of the Scottish keep type of castles and, though it dates back to the 16th century, has been kept in excellent repair. Mrs. Miller tells me that she and her husband had no intention of buying a castle. "We were only looking for a house in the country," she said. Now they are both enthusiastic castle dwellers. But the keep design has, of necessity, very limited accommodation—basically only one room on each of four floors—so the Millers are at present in the throes of adding three bedrooms and an extra bathroom to the building. "We are hoping to have it finished by the end of August," Mrs. Miller told me.

Nannies are out

There has been great rejoicing recently at Sheriff Hall, the North Berwick home of Sir Philip and Lady Grant-Suttie, over the arrival of their first baby, a son, who is soon to be christened James Edward. I was most impressed to find that Lady Grant-Suttie, influenced, she admits, by her husband's ideas on the subject (he is a Canadian-born baronet) is not employing a nanny. "I feel a bit of a fraud about it because I am getting extra help in the house," she told me, "but I'm so happy with the baby myself that I don't really want a nanny."

For Lady Grant-Suttie's parents young James Edward is the first grandchild, for Sir Philip's mother in Canada, the third. And one thing is pretty certain—there will be a trip to Canada in the not-too-distant future to show

The regions and the vintages picked by Pamela Vandyke Price are dictated on the principle of special wines for special people. It follows that the guest list will be both distinguished and discriminating, that the host must face a sizeable capital outlay and that a certain amount of detective work will be involved in the search for the very best bottles

A wine merchant friend of mine once sold his last case of 1921 trockenbeerenauslese hock to a multi-millionaire, who then informed him that it would be drunk, with soda, as a late night tippie, because he liked a sweet fizzy drink and it was a pity not to have the best, wasn't it? And recently I sat in a night club and watched three up and coming pop stars drink five bottles of a 1947 first growth claret like lemonade, the wine waiter explaining to me that they knew nothing about wine, wanted something red, and thought that if they chose the most expensive on the list it wouldn't be bad. These sort of stories are only sad because there is never enough of the finest wine to go round—and because we have all experienced dinner parties given by Mr. and Mrs. Eversorich in palatial surroundings, food of the rarest and dearest and hard liquor in hospitable abundance, when the wine, alas, has been indifferent and cheap, or indifferent and expensive—anyway unremarkable.

What is remarkable though is the fact that it is still possible to find fine, rare and old wines in Britain whose prices have not jumped with every hitch given to the cost of living index. It's a question of personal detective work because to give specific recommendations as to where-to-buy-what is equivalent to broadcasting the secret of one's dearly cherished "away from it all" holiday spot.

Happily, merchants with consciences and adequate capital resources can still prevent their customers from committing infanticide among the noble wines in their reserves and even produce the odd bottle from "behind the woodpile" for a special occasion, but, as Ronald Avery, one of the most distinguished independent wine merchants, once remarked: "It's all very well people asking to buy the old vintages, but there aren't enough of these even for the regular customers—and they, after all, also buy the everyday lines that keep the business going." So the cultivation of one's wine merchant is of primary importance anyway, and certainly against the time when the perfection of the party is of supreme importance and the expense almost a minor matter. Fortunately, there are plenty of merchants to cultivate, both in London and the provinces. And there are, of course, the reputable multiples. But with none of these firms are you advised to rush in and demand some high-priced speciality half-an-hour before your guests are due. They may not have the wine in the shop but in the cool safety of their cellars, and they may also rightly hesitate to risk your damaging the reputation of a great wine by serving it any old how. Without turning into the precious kind of gourmet, it is nevertheless reasonable to plan in advance so that food, wine and the company are all in harmony.

In preparing the special occasion meal, it is important not to overwhelm your guests at the outset. In many French households you



either get no apéritif or only one before a meal at which the wines are to be the stars. Several double helpings of spirits are not the ideal preparation for fine food or drink. Nor should the first wine be so magnificent that anything to follow is an anti-climax. This happened to me when I served a 1937 Meursault Charmes of Louis Latour before two 1929 clarets, both of which were superb but definitely second to the white Burgundy. The wine or wines in the middle of the meal should provide the talking point, as partners to the fare and of interest in themselves.

The last wine should be quite different from anything that has gone before, to revive a palate that may be flagging, and leave the spirit satisfied but not stunned. I would think that, for an expense (almost) regardless occasion, all the wines should either be estate bottled or at least bottled in the country of their origin, for, good though British bottling is, there is an indefinable plus to the finest wines that are bottled near their birthplaces, especially, I personally find, with the white wines. An estate-bottled Muscadet, Sancerre, Pouilly Fumé can be astonishing and, with red wines, a wine that is worth estate-bottling can come into the class of "fine" as compared with the category of "good." Try wines of this sort from Châteauneuf du Pape, or some of the older and utterly uncommercial Italian and Spanish wines such as are rarely listed, and you will be impressed. With most oldish wines the prices will be something in relation to the scarcity: old Sauternes are not usually hard to find, and even the great hocks and Moselles of the sweeter kinds are obtainable, though they can all be costly. The fine white and red Burgundies and great clarets, however, are both expensive and rarer as far as older vintages are concerned. Yet the prices for ready-to-drink estate-bottled wines in all these categories start around a pound a bottle—under 3s. a generous glass, so one does not need to be a millionaire to buy of the best.

What would I personally choose, if I could command perfect but simple food—always the best accompaniment for fine wines—and a selection of superb bottles for the entertainment of dear friends? Dinner should be the meal and champagne the apéritif—and because it might be an evening when some of us would be tired, I'd select a vintage, so that the freshness of this perfect party wine might be a little mellowed to steal into our everyday

selves and transform us into charming people. Not more than two glasses apiece, but generous ones. Then a small glass of a fine old amontillado or oloroso sherry with the sort of consommé that takes more than the sort of resources of an ordinary kitchen to achieve; this because I like to make a transition between two fine white wines. The wine to follow, with a fish course, would be a white Burgundy, not, perhaps, a Chablis, which is sometimes really too dry for the honest preference of many, but one of the great Meursaults, either a 1961 or one older than 1959 for preference, simply because to me the 1959s are now beautiful but so full that they are almost "main course" wines. Then the choice becomes very difficult between claret and red Burgundy, but probably if the party consisted of friends with assorted interests we'd have Burgundy, and if we were all obsessional wine lovers, it would be claret.

Two wines anyway. One youngish Burgundy, perhaps a 1959 from the Côte de Beaune, with an older and bigger one from the Côte de Nuits, even from the treasured Romanée Conti vineyards, to follow, or by way of introduction an estate-bottled Beaujolais before a 1959 or 1961 Côte de Nuits, for one should not be overwhelmed with magnificence to the detriment of enjoyment. For the clarets the choice is enormous: recently I was able, at hospitable tables, to compare two 1945s from St. Estèphe, and to see the 1952 and 1953 Château Lafite side by side—and the discussions about them still continue. But probably I would select one claret of moderate age—1953 perhaps—as a charmer, with grace, fragrance and appealing quality, such as some of the red Graves possess, or a St. Julien, or a wine such as La Lagune or Cantemerle, to lead into the great majesty of a fine Pauillac, Margaux or St. Estèphe of a vintage such as 1947, or even one of the great Pomerols or St. Emilions of this year or 1949.

To conclude, a single glass of dessert wine with peaches or, best of all, nectarines. Here I cannot decide between the great Barsacs, Coutet and Climens, which I love for their fragrance and subtly dry finish, or a flowery Moselle such as a feine or feinste auslese of 1959; the beeren and trockenbeerenauslese wines of this vintage, though glorious, are still "making themselves," so that, if I wanted a really prime wine in this category I'd go back to the 1949s, which would certainly be costly. The delicacy of the Moselle wines can be fascinating, just as their crispness, in all categories, can be refreshing, even with food, whereas the finest hocks seem to me best enjoyed entirely outside the context of a meal.

If no dessert wine—and some people do not care for sweet wines, however fine—then vintage port, a 1927 if possible, otherwise a 1934 or 1935, a follow-on of vintage Cognac if I could find any for drinking after dinner, with mirabelle by way of an alternative and needed digestive. Such a feast would not be cheap to give, but the wines would be of a magnificence to convince all the guests that they were the most charming, intelligent, attractive and kindly company in the country and the host's reputation would be made for ever. Can mere money, alone, achieve even a jot or tittle of this?





TH

It began as all the best things do, quite simply. And it began quite a long time ago, on 26 March 1839 to be precise. That was the date of a meeting in Henley Town Hall at which certain worthy and far-sighted aldermen and burgesses took the decision that: "the establishing of an annual Regatta, under judicious and respectable management, would not only be productive of the most beneficial results to the town of Henley, but from its peculiar attractions would also be a source of amusement and gratification to the neighbourhood and the public in general." The phraseology may seem at this stage a little stilted but the forecast was exact. The city fathers of those founding years built more strongly than they knew. The regatta under successively judicious and respectable managements fulfilled all the terms of its early prospectus and is with us yet.

For one week in June—this week in fact—Henley is transformed from a sleepy Thames-side market town into the Mecca of oarsmen from all over the world. The lure of the Royal Regatta is such that on any river in any far-flung region of the world where men row the official if incongruous Henley distance of "about a mile and 550 yards" will be carefully marked out.

At Henley remarkable things can happen and nothing seems out of place in a blend of old and new that enthusiasts and devotees take in their stride. Last year the Harvard University Eight which won the premier event in 1914 on the eve of war returned to celebrate their 50th anniversary. They brought with them a new Grand Challenge Cup given in memory of those who died in the Great War of their generation. And as if to underline this *entente cordiale* between amateur sportsmen, this trophy was won by the superb

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ROWING REGATTA



The Nautilus Eight is the British composite and embryo international crew. An arduous six days a week training programme since last October has resulted in a number of encouraging successes on the Continent this season. Nautilus and the University of London constitute the chief defence against foreign challengers in the Grand this year. Left: H. R. A. ("Jumbo") Edwards puts on speed to join up with the Nautilus crew on a trip to Ostend. Mr. Edwards, who coached the Oxford crew, is himself a Blue and in 1932 won two Gold Medals in a single day at the Olympic Games in Los Angeles. This year he is chief coach to the Amateur Rowing Association. Notable for his innovations he is responsible for various refinements to the Italian boat which his crew, the Nautilus Club Eight, is using

Zjalghiris Viljnus Eight from the U.S.S.R. East and West shook hands at an English garden party and nobody found the fact surprising.

Henley is the ultimate, most perfectly English thing of its kind imaginable. But like everything else it only approaches its annual perfection through the wealth of hard-won experience and care lavished on it from year to year by the organizing stewards. When the last flower was aligned in its bed, the last flag hoisted and the last marker placed in position on the morning of Wednesday 30 June, their work for 1965 was done. After that it was up to the oarsmen.



Above: one more in line. Only the starting, finishing and Fawley (half-way) posts go into the same holes in the river bed each year. The 169 booms of Oregon pine which lie between the intermediate piles have become different lengths over the years. Preparation of the course takes five weeks. **Above centre:** Australian Stuart Mackenzie, a Henley resident since 1957, is training hard for a come-back in the coveted Diamond Sculls. 6 ft. 5 ins. Mackenzie is the only man to win the Sculls in six successive years, 1957 to 1962. His chief rivals will be Bill Barry and Hugh Wardell-Yerburgh (U.K.) and Don Spero (U.S.A.). **Above, far right:** Col. C. D. (Don) Burnell, doyen of all the Henley stewards, can remember the halcyon '90s before the car invasion when Henley's river was filled with houseboats and punts. He and his son Richard hold the unique distinction of each having won Olympic Gold Medals (1908 and 1948). Col. Burnell is again one of the chief umpires this year. **Right:** Derek Mays-Smith, a Cambridge coach and one of the official timekeepers, finds it swifter to journey downstream to the Regatta from his Shiplake home than to go by road. His energies at Henley are reserved for coaching his own old College, Jesus. He is doing so again this year. **Opposite page:** Jack Beresford, the greatest sculler ever until Stuart Mackenzie came to equal though not surpass him. He is famous for his Double Sculls Gold Medal at the 1936 Berlin Olympics when with his partner L. Southwood he cracked the German champions right in front of Hitler's box. Mr. Beresford still goes sculling every day and must be among the fittest of the Henley umpires. He is watched by his Alsatians, Tiga and Lars.





Right: the pleasanter side of training. The St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, crew dine together beneath the portrait of their founder, Robert Wodelarke. St. Catharine's are among the main contenders for the Ladies' Plate which, despite its name, is closed to British men's colleges and schools. *Below:* this majestic poplar is engraved forever on the memory of Henley competitors. Once past the tree only ten more agonizing strokes are needed to cross the finishing line. Girl by the riverside is Miss Sue Jackson, assistant in the Regatta office

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Left: last year the Russians and the Americans used oars made in Putney, and here John Stafford, a craftsman with Aylings for nearly 20 years, is completing another important export order. This oar is one of a set bought by Harvard University whose record-breaking heavyweight crew constitute a massive threat in this year's Grand Challenge Cup. *Below:* Mr. G. O. ("Gully") Nickalls is both President of Leander Club and Chairman of the Amateur Rowing Association. He rowed for Oxford from 1921 to 1923 and won the Henley Grand for Leander, London and Thames Rowing Clubs. One of the umpires, he is also an accomplished painter who has exhibited at the Royal Academy



Right: all quiet on Henley river at the starting post of the most famous rowing course in the world. **Far right:** Len Clark (right), chief foreman in charge of laying down the course, has been doing the job each year since 1919 and his father did it before him. With a total of 78 years of experience the Clark family can lay the course by eye. John Fenn, assistant foreman, lends a hand. **Below:** Algy Alexander (far left in the group) is Secretary of the Regatta and in charge of headquarters staff. He has to see that the decisions of the 41 stewards who run the Regatta are fully implemented. It is his responsibility also to see that the course is laid down and a complete tented town set up on Thameside meadow land. The tents include a 300-ft. long luncheon marquee that is the largest of its kind in Britain. Office work for Mr. Alexander's staff, seen with him, ranges from sorting out entries to finding crew accommodation



Strange really. Three weeks ago I'd never seen Devon, and now I live here, in a cob and stone farmhouse in the heart of a deep green valley near Crediton. There is a big white barn with a hayloft under a greensloping roof just a few yards from the kitchen door, and a shippon with ties for cattle round by the well. There is an orchard too with a little stream meandering through it, and a long low henhouse. All manner of wild creatures live around us.

"Going to take a farmhouse in Devon?" everyone said. "You'll love it there, it's beautiful. It's very hilly and the earth is bright red! And the lanes have high banks all covered with wild flowers. Vegetables from your own garden, water from your own well. Ah, the simple life," they sighed dreamily, "you can't beat it."

They were right about the beauty of the place, it is indeed lovely. My bedroom window looks out over a great sweep of barley field where a magnificent cock pheasant and his two wives strut warily every morning.

"Won't they eat all your seeds?" we asked the farmer.

"No," he said with a chuckle. "I put un in too deep for they."

Beyond the field lies a three-cornered wedge of buttercup meadow; unusual to see land uncultivated in this fertile region, but, as the farmer says regretfully, "'tis too steep for t'combine."

Over to the left is a gently undulating field of growing corn, and beyond and away to the far horizon lies a wide stretch of grazing land permanently dotted with little cream-coloured sheep.

But there's nothing particularly "simple" about this life, as yet anyway.

It rained the day we moved in and we stood in the lane, the solid mass of the moving van behind us, while the small van hired to ferry our furniture bit by bit down the steeply dipping hedge-lined "accommodation road" that leads to our farmhouse took a trial run down empty.

Now a more "unaccommodating" road on a wet day you couldn't imagine. We stared after him down the slippery rutted track until he disappeared between the enclosing banks. Several minutes later the driver reappeared trudging morosely. His van was apparently stuck fast. It was an impasse. Then round the corner came a solidly reassuring good fairy on a clattering tractor.

Making no more to-do about his good neighbourly act than if he were handing us a cup of tea over the fence, he pulled the small van up the slope again, manoeuvring the tractor around like a bubble car. The van driver then understandably said he had had enough and was going home, and he went. The removal men took another dubious look at the even more slippery track and said "perhaps if they came back again in better weather—"

Fortunately our newly acquired friend resolved for us what could have been a tricky situation. Heartened by his promise to be on hand with the tractor, the removal men volunteered to risk it. As is often the case in tense situations, one tiny feature caught my attention. As we squelched down the soggy track in the wake of the van, hanging on grimly to two excited dogs, I noticed the red Devon earth for the first time, a ruddy-coloured liquid mud oozing steadily into my shoes.

Some weary hours later our kind farmer friend towed the empty removal van back up



GIVE ME THE SIMPLE LIFE —I THINK

By Edna Burress

we were at the time heavily engaged on an operation demanding undivided attention. If you've never balanced precariously on the slippery edge of an open well in the pouring rain, dangling a bucket into the menacing void, you haven't lived! There is an art in dipping water from a well, involving some dexterous manipulating with a double rope, that took us ten, soaking wet, hazardous minutes to acquire.

We began to settle in, discovering day by day both the delights and the difficulties of living the "simple" life. The tradesmen were courteous, trusting to strangers, ready to do anything to help, except deliver to us down that hill. Which says something for the magnitude of our ONE BIG STUMBLING BLOCK, because the cheerful "there's no problem so bad it can't be got over" attitude of our moving day Fairy Godmother seems typical of Devon people. The plumber, arriving full pelt down the hill in his little van, took us completely literally when we said we hadn't any water, and just said "not to worry, he knew a diviner."

With visions of a few chickens scratching happily around the farmyard, we bought 16 laying hens, but no sooner had they been

dachshund, Junior, made a joyous dart for the nearest. The poor bird went straight up in the air with a squawk of horror and minus all her tail feathers. The Labrador, Jim, merely regarded them with intense but non-belligerent curiosity, but no amount of threats or remonstrance could persuade Junior that chickens are not for killing on sight. Now they live in the henhouse, deep litter style, with a determined dachshund, no bigger than a rooster himself, on guard outside, daring them to so much as show a beak.

The trouble with living this "simple" life is the sheer amount of physical and mental energy it demands. Old cob and stone farmhouses were made for durability, with more regard paid to solid comfort than architectural precision. The fact that the rooms are well out of square obviously hadn't bothered anyone for 200 years—until we tried to lay modern synthetic floor coverings in them. As for that cart track, modern transport demands something more solid. It got it the other morning. I arrived home from shopping and found 14 square yards of hoggin blocking my path and waiting massively to be raked and shovelled flat.

The "simple life" only *looks* simple. Little streams only meander prettily through orchards when they are painstakingly cleared of weeds and the banks dug out, otherwise they ooze soggly all over the place and end as a sort of spreading bog.

And whatever did those former occupants do with their rubbish! The dustman passes the lane once a fortnight now, and we have to get our dustbin up the track in time to catch him. The first time we were too early, thought we had missed him and brought it down again. The second time we were too late. We are hoping to get some synchronization into our next D-day manoeuvres.

Our predecessors must have given up the unequal struggle, for we keep stumbling on little caches of tins and bottles. The impedimenta of living lies in strata as revealing as any historical dig. Our findings range from the most modern processed food tins back



FASHION BY UNITY BARNES

IN THE MOOD

Holidays are for fun and idleness, for fast-moving pleasure and long sun-scorched hours of lazy oblivion on faraway beaches. Clothes are a large part of the fun: the more packable, washable, creaseless they are, the better we like it. But above all they must be lively, colourful, clearly in a holiday mood. Photographs by MICHAEL COOPER. **Above:** Cover-up playsuit in stretchy cotton jersey, striped in navy and white. By Tikliner, 17 gns.; navy straw hat, £1 5s. Both at Fortnum & Mason. Sunglasses by Correna. **Right:** Long silk jersey sweater, striped in red, white and green, packing into handkerchief dimensions, 10½ gns. Brief white stretch Bri-nylon shorts, £1 5s. 6d. Both at Fenwick





IN THE MOOD

Above, left: Dungarees with a difference in red sailcloth, squared off low at the back, the legs boldly banded with black and white. 17 gns. at Fortnum & Mason. Flag-red linen trousers, cut beautifully straight, with a sweater-length top. By Londonus, £6 9s. 6d. at Simpson; Coplands, Glasgow. *Above, right:* Beach dress with cutaway back, hip pockets, made in pale blue Bri-nylon stretch denim. By Susan Small, 12 gns. at You and I, 2 Crawford Street, W.1. *Right:* Dior-printed silk shirt dress, in poppy-red and white, buttons low, has a red leather whiplash belt. With it, a bikini with widely-set straps, and a yard-square headscarf. At the Christian Dior Boutique.





IN THE MOOD

Above: From Mexico, a dress in lime green hand-woven cotton, the embroidered yoke and peasant buttonholes in sugar pink and yellow. From colourful few-of-a-kind collection, prices from 8 gns. at Mexicana, 89 Lower Sloane Street. *Right:* Navy linen dress frogged with vivid scarlet braids, 10 gns., from a selection of gay young American dresses at Harrods





IN THE MOOD

Above, left: Three colours, two patterns, all in one streamlined French swimsuit. The colours: dazzling cerise and turquoise on black, flowered above and checked below the little '30-ish belt. 9½ gns. at Fortnum & Mason. *Above, right:* Two-part dress, with other team-up possibilities, of white waffle piqué printed in carbon grey. By Liza Spain, 9½ gns. at Chanelle; Karters, Glasgow. *Right:* All-white dress in crisp Arnel sharkskin with tramline stitching that breaks into sharp pleats above the knee. Made to drip and dry and stay just the way it is. By Susan Small, 16½ gns. at Derry & Toms; County Clothes, Cheltenham. White Arnel sharkskin again, with the same virtues, here as a straightforward little shift with a big, stylized pattern in black. By Mr. Dino of America, £14 3s. 6d. at Harvey Nichols



ANTIQUES

Albert Adair / Fairings of substance

My gentle hint to Grosvenor House, in these columns last year, to give a much needed face-lift to the Great Hall in which the Antique Dealers' Fair has just held its Silver Jubilee, seems to have fallen on deaf ears. I share the opinion expressed by many of the exhibitors that Grosvenor House are banking on the fact that they have the only hall in central London large enough to house the Fair. However, in spite of the complete lack of atmosphere, mainly due to the unimaginative lighting, the majority of exhibitors excelled themselves both as regards the decor of their stands and the exhibits. Indeed it makes one wonder whether there will ever be an end to the treasures which somehow or other appear each year.

Extremely fine examples of the full range of antiques were to be viewed, and I select two of the smaller items which drew my attention, both of highly original construction. First, there was, on the stand of Jeremy, Ltd., the fine and rare, if not unique, oval Irish mirror of *circa* 1785 which measures 3 ft. 10 ins. by 2 ft. 9 ins. and has a rim fitted with alternate faceted blue and white glass, while the centre, most unusually, supports half of a cut glass chandelier with five lights interspersed with four swan neck arms and surmounted by a canopy and a finial of urn shape. This mirror caused much interested comment and I was not

surprised, therefore, to be told it had been sold on the Fair's opening day.

The English George III gilt bronze toilet mirror, which I found on the Temple Williams stand, was no doubt made for the Eastern market and probably designed by James Cox, the well-known clockmaker who specialized in movements of unusual type. The oval panel at the top now houses a Bilston enamel miniature, but it is thought it might originally have contained a watch movement. The handles and mirror catch are jewelled and the drawers have secret spring catches under the handles. James Cox is associated with that "place of delicate refinement" Weekes Museum in Tichborne Street, which contained all types of curiosities.

Turning from the Fair to the salerooms I do not hesitate to draw attention to the ormolu mounted marquetry desk, the property of the Earl of Harewood, which comes up for sale at Christies tomorrow. This desk, measuring 6 ft. 10 ins. by 4 ft., was designed by Robert Adam and specially made by Thomas Chippendale. It has an oak carcass veneered with rosewood and inlaid with satinwood and it is thought the red morocco leather top is probably contemporary. There is little doubt that such a unique item will cause a lively stir in the saleroom and I shall be surprised if it does not eventually reach five figures.



RAYMOND FORTT

This late 18th-century Irish mirror supports a half-chandelier, which is completed by its own reflection



A marquetry desk belonging to the Earl of Harewood. It was designed by Robert Adam and made by Chippendale



RAYMOND FORTT

George III toilet mirror of extreme elegance, probably made for the Oriental market. The drawers have secret catches

The Simple Life continued from page 691

through old iron bedsteads, tin buckets, enamel candlestick holders, to the most extraordinary collection of agricultural Victoriana that could possibly exist outside a museum.

Everything is on such a bountiful scale in the country. With the idea of a neat little square of earth with a few potatoes and cabbages thriving in the rich red soil, I expressed a desire for a kitchen garden. One of our kind neighbours came chugging across the fields on his tractor, towing a business-like plough with gleaming blades behind him. In no time a quarter of an acre of ploughed field confronted me. Stabbing at those towering ridges with a hoe would have been like tackling the harvest with a pair of nail scissors, so we bought a four horse-power tiller. This wonderful little machine, though meant for market garden use and relatively level work, struggled valiantly over the steep furrows of what to me, stumbling and tottering along behind it, looked like a 15-acre field. When at last it looked something like a vegetable plot, no ploughman ever plodded a more weary homeward way.

No, there is nothing simple about the "simple life," but there

are moments when Devon makes it all more than worth while. I walked up the track last evening with the dogs, still bright-eyed and eager with the wonder of REALLY LIVING at last. It was dry now, the banks a mass of red campion and blue speedwell and rich with the promise of wild foxgloves and honeysuckle, under the green enclosing tree canopy. At the top I sat on the gate and looked down across the softly rounded sweep of the meadow to where, far below, our farmhouse lay, utterly peaceful in the evening stillness. With its clustering outbuildings, the square white barn with the green roof, the shippin and shed, it looked like a toy farm set neatly in place by a child's hand.

Over beyond the barley field a pheasant called harshly from the covert. A magpie streaked in a sudden flash of black and white from the tall elm by the gate, and all around the little valleys and hills rose and fell, dotted here and there with distant sheep and cattle grazing, broken now and again by a vivid stripe of ploughed earth, bright red against the green fields, one behind the other in gently undulating folds until they merged into the blue distance.

on plays

John Salt / Half a Pinter

It opened well, this new play by Harold Pinter, *The Homecoming*, at the Aldwych Theatre. Which is to say that it opened like a Pinter play, not so much a happening as an occurrence. All of you who have seen a Pinter play—and there must be lots by now—would have known exactly what to expect. Menace of course. Menace instinct in every phrase, and loaded syllable, non sequiturs to raise a laugh, non-happenings to make the flesh tingle, matters unexplicit to make the same flesh creep. And all of it helped along, as *The Homecoming* is helped along, by the unhoneyed pauses of the director, Mr. Peter Hall, whose control of the whole theatrical bag of tricks is by now so adroit and complete that there really seems no reason why he cannot go on being clever forever.

Well menace you get. Here is the father, 70-year-old Max played by Mr. Paul Rogers in a cloth cap and elephantinely wrinkled trousers, apostrophizing his graceless but nattily suited second son Lenny (Mr. Ian Holm) for a full five minutes without getting so much as an answer let alone the fag he

asked for. We are off to a good start. Pinter alone knows what lies behind this display of filial insolence or hidden under the cupboard stairs.

The audience moves appreciatively, a thought uneasily, laughs uproariously at Max who is very funny. Pinter is good with words. Enter an uncle, by name Sam, bearing a box of indifferent cigars. He is a hire car driver and the smokes are a gift from the grateful American he drove to London Airport. Sam is the best of all the drivers on the firm, the man that all the regular fares demand. We know this because Sam says so, but this is a Pinter play so there's a doubt. It's a doubt that Max and Lenny plainly share. They lunge at him with probing questions then Max accepts a cigar and lets his brother off the hook. It is a pattern that has been oft-repeated. Sam has lived with them a long time. Long enough to remember Max's late wife, to have driven her around in his Snipe and to reminisce on her relationship and that of her husband with an apocryphal family friend named Mac.

One snatches at straws, menace is so much the more bearable when brought into the open. Surely in the tortured and convoluted relationships of husband and wife, of mother and child, of Sam and Mac, must lie the latter day disenchantment of son with father. But no, or not altogether, for there is another son, the hulking trainee boxer Joey (Mr. Terence Rigby). The spirit of filial affection still seems lacking. Max remarks to his youngest son "you don't know how to defend yourself, you don't know how to attack, how can you call yourself a boxer?" Joey is visibly disturbed and passions are building to a climax. At which point the family goes to bed.

Their retirement provides a clear stage for the arrival home of the eldest son Teddy (Mr. Michael Bryant) for seven years past a PhD on an American campus and now returning with his wife Ruth (Miss Vivien Merchant) to the run-down North London home that saw his birth. And that's it, the first act I mean, apart from a brief passage between the wife and an awakened Lenny who accuses her of propositioning him on what to me seemed slight grounds. Though Lenny in fact showed more prescience than the rest of us as Act Two made uncomfortably plain.

The picture is now quite clear and violence is plainly imminent. I should like to be able to tell you that in the denouement Max takes the stout stick on which he clumps around and beats the living daylights out of the assembled dramatis personae for the plain, pure Pinter of it all. He certainly makes the attempt but the only real sufferer is poor Sam and he is a dog that has been beaten enough already for any good that it may do.

At this point menace comes out of the shadows and discloses itself as that simple and familiar playfellow, sex. There is only one woman in the cast

and there are five men. It is a circumstance that could worry a husband. The PhD, however, rises gracefully to the occasion by succumbing to the situation. He leaves the house America-bound and sans wife to the accompaniment of tender valedictions from his father and brothers and a certain amount of good advice as to the best place to find a taxi to take him to London Airport. Sam would undoubtedly have driven him there in his Snipe except for the fact that he was lying prone on the stage at the time in a species of heart attack. His wife, I recall, expressed the hope that he would not become a stranger. At least he would have the three children back home in America to remind him of her.

The play as such had ceased some fifteen minutes before the husband's departure though there was still some splendid dialogue to come; another heart attack too, this time for Max. The grand old man however recovered sufficiently to inform the audience with considerable belligerence that he was "not too old" and then to crawl on hands and knees to the chair in which the wife sat caressing Joey's doubtful hair and beg her "Kiss me." It is strictly a moment of catharsis and the play closes officially at this point.

Though perhaps we have all by now become accustomed to plays that end in anti-climax and a general milling around of characters in desperate search of an author to get them off stage I think it must be said that this one is only half a Pinter. But on this occasion he is saved—as so often playwrights are saved—from the suspicion of cheating, by the remarkable performances of modern players. I note particularly those of Mr. Paul Rogers, Mr. Ian Holm and of that most thoughtful and riveting actress Miss Vivien Merchant. Best supporting role: that of Mr. John Normington as the buttoned-up Sam.



One play only, *As You Like It*, is being produced at the Regent's Park Open Air Theatre this year. Here Edward Atienza as Touchstone, and Jennie Woodford as Audrey, indulge in some familiar bucolic by-play

on films

Elspeth Grant / Bullies' week

You may be as surprised as I was to learn from Henry Levin's *Genghis Khan* that the great Mongol chieftain of eight centuries ago was a visionary and an idealist inspired by a laudable and selfless ambition to unite all the nomad Mongolian tribes and give them prosperity and peace. Can this be the fierce barbarian I used to hear about, who led his ravening Golden Horde from Turkestan to Peking, leaving a trail of blood and terror behind him? Oh, well! Maybe my informants (including the Finnish Field Marshal, Baron Mannerheim, who in 1912-14 followed the route taken by the Golden Horde, gathering legends as he went) had got the chap all wrong. Certainly Omar Sharif as Genghis Khan looks far too noble to be a ruthless predator.

I daresay this slap-up Hollywood epic is as historically accurate as any other. It is well written (by Clarke Reynolds and Beverley Cross) and ably directed, anyway, which puts it well above the average. It contains all the familiar ingredients: a spot of rape (Stephen Boyd, sworn enemy of Genghis Khan, steals and ravishes his wife), endless battles in which far too many horses come hideously to grief, a gory duel (fought Mongolian style), tortures, beatings and a rather beastly decapitation. ("It wasn't really beastly," complained my young companion: "I mean you didn't actually see the head rolling on the ground." A dear child.)

Light relief is provided at the civilized Emperor of China's luxurious court, where the marvelling Mongols are introduced to the delights of the bathtub and scrubbed down by simpering Chinese maidens. There are dancing girls, of course, and singing birds and banquets and, best of all, fireworks. Genghis Khan sees the practical possibilities of gunpowder, which the Chinese invented in the year dot but used only for entertainment purposes: with it, he blasts his way out of Peking through the Great Wall of China and routs the armies of Mr. Boyd and the Shah of Persia (Eli Wallach), though how we came by the heavy artillery he masses against them I simply can't guess.

James Mason gives a fantastically (I hope intentionally) funny performance as a

bland Chinese diplomat whose permanent smile serves a dual purpose—sweetening his sagacity and holding his new upper set firmly in place. Robert Morley as the Emperor is very much himself—only a shade more imperious as he points a 10-inch fingernail at his concubines and says "The one in white—send her to me tonight: I shall be in the Summer Palace." Mr. Morley on the lech is something quite new.

The setting of *The Hill* is a British detention camp in North Africa. Squalid huts line the walls of the stockade and in the centre of the arid compound is a man-made hill of sand, steep-sided and 35-feet high, up and down which prisoners in full kit toil and slither in the heat of the day, losing human dignity with every step and every drop of sweat—horrible! Sidney Lumet, brilliant American director of this devastating film, flays his characters to show the man under the skin—and you can flinch or glow at what he reveals—but it was the atmosphere of the place that destroyed me, in the first five minutes. It reeks of fear and cruelty. The white-hot sun blazes down, wherever you focus there are always in the background dark figures moving painfully at the double—never a cry of protest, never a moment of peace.

The prisoners in this inferno are deserters, troublemakers, thieves and skivers, a fairly despicable lot on the whole but surely not, as human beings, deserving of the sadistic treatment they get from their brutal guards—who enthusiastically act upon the instructions of the Regimental Sergeant Major (Harry Andrews) in charge. Break the prisoners, break their spirit, break them right down and then I'll make soldiers of them, he tells his already warped underlings.

How false the premise is, that by reducing men to the level of animals you can produce the material of which heroes are made, is devastatingly proved by Mr. Lumet (and his screenplaywright, Ray Rigby, who, I am told, had personal experience of such a detention camp). The unbreakable man—Sean Connery, giving his best performance ever as an ex-warrant officer court-martialled for striking a superior officer—takes a vicious beating

up from a staff sergeant (Ian Hendry) and two guards, and saves his soul by not descending to fighting back.

Other prisoners have not his strength of mind (born of contempt). When one (Alfred Lynch) dies of punishments imposed by Mr. Hendry, Mr. Connery is all for exposing the affair through regulation channels and the pitifully weak medical officer (Michael Redgrave), but two other prisoners (Jack Watson and a Jamaican negro played by Ossie Davis), driven by violence to violence, go berserk and murder the staff sergeant. Mr. Connery's bitter comment is "They've won." He means, as I understand it, Mr. Andrews and his crew have succeeded in "breaking" these two prisoners down, into brutes like themselves.

The acting throughout is superb, the subtle suggestion

of homosexuality between the RSM and his staff sergeants (Mr. Hendry, who is in venomous pursuit of advancement, and Mr. Ian Bannen, who vainly tries his blandishments on "the old man" in the hope of alleviating the prisoners' lot) comes creepily over, and the film as a whole will make you think twice before hotly swearing that, unlike our enemies, we were incapable of treating prisoners inhumanly—and in this case they were of our own nationality.

The torture, apart from the sessions on *The Hill*, is mainly mental, I must hasten to say—Mr. Connery's beating up takes place off-screen—but I was far more shaken by this film than I could be by any, however nauseating, screen scenes of physical torture: I know *they* are not real—I felt this film overwhelmingly *was*.

on books

Oliver Warner / Government from within

There is a certain resemblance between Reginald Bevin's *The Greasy Pole* (Hodder & Stoughton 16s.) and the reminiscences of Earl Attlee. The pole referred to in the title is of course politics, and the likeness is in the simple, straightforward, not to say stark, way in which the two men, one a Grand Old Socialist and the other a still zestful Conservative, describe the workings of government from within, and the curious relationships that exist not only between Members of Parliament as individuals, but between the main parties. Bevin's highly individual account of what he calls "the Realities of British Politics" includes a series of snapshots of the famous at close quarters, and the most memorable glimpse is that of Harold Macmillan. The former Postmaster General has a fine regard for truth, and he writes with an attractive, Liverpudlian humour. It is difficult to see the author ever sustaining the highest office: on the other hand, such an honest, clear and pungent thinker, such a loyal colleague as he obviously is, must always command respect, and with his particular, non-Establishment background I should imagine that he has as many personal friends within the Labour Party as within his own.

Reminiscence of an entirely different sort fills the elegant pages of Professor Basil Willey's *Spots of Time* (Chatto & Windus 30s.). This is an

attempt to trace the thread of an inner life which in its earlier stages was more than usually isolated from the rest of the world; to re-enact those moments that have retained for the author what he calls "a renovating virtue." The period covered is from 1897 to 1920 and the narrative includes an account of active service in the First World War. It is difficult to see the future Professor of English Literature at Cambridge University in these pages, which are at times oddly pedestrian, but when the author lights up, he can infect his reader. By and large the war passages are oddly flat, but the more one reads of men's experiences in action, the more astonished one is at their diversity.

I can offer hopes of differing sorts of entertainment from three novels. The first of them, Leslie Blanch's *The Nine Tiger Man* (Collins 18s.), is as frankly extravagant as one could expect from the author of *The Wilder Shores of Love*. It is about the experiences of a number of memsahibs on an island in an Indian lake, where they become refugees at the time of the Mutiny. The heroine (and chief beauty) is a highly realistic lady's maid. Some of the adventures are remarkable, and the ladies are never quite the same women again, owing to the prowess of the "nine tiger man" of the title. Rather naughty, but at times uproarious.

Denzil Batchelor's *The Delicate Flower* (Herbert Jenkins 15s.) has a flavour that derives more from the incidentals of the novel than from the plot. The story revolves round a girl who is incapable of satisfying the desire she arouses in men, and about a man who loves too ardently for success in his wooing. The actual structure does not greatly matter, for it is the parts which are designed to please, and this they certainly do.

As for Humphrey Pakington, his *John Brandon* (Chatto & Windus 21s.) runs so true to form, of a kind that the author has kept to over so many years, that I have only to mention the ingredients of a well-to-do, highly civilized family, urbane writing, characters drawn from the peacetime and wartime Navy, and an equable outlook, for a reader to recall whether or not he is Pakington-minded. Though the vein is now wearing a shade thin, it is still silver.

Considering the vast library of cricket, lawn tennis has had what can only be called rather a thin press, though it is by far the more popular game of the two in many areas. *Behind the Scenes at Wimbledon* by Duncan Macaulay and Sir John Smyth (Collins 30s.) will be a boon to the follower of sport, for Colonel Macaulay, who was Secretary of the All England Lawn Tennis Club for 17 years, has seen big tennis from inside from before the days of Suzanne Lenglen in the '20s, and Sir John Smyth's experience as almost as wide.

Briefly . . . Two short books

about tourism: one a home event, the other away. Some months ago I commended *London on Sunday* by Betty James. Now she has written *London on £1 a Day* (Batsford 12s. 6d.) and has packed a lot of information into convenient form . . . As for *Eureka* by George Mikes (André Deutsch 12s. 6d.) this is described as "Rummaging in Greece" and is about the transformation brought about by popularity. Nicolas Bentley's pictures are a shattering comment on some of those who choose Greece for their holiday. . . .

The Roman Conquest of Britain by Graham Webster and Donald R. Dudley (Batsford 30s.) describes the Claudian invasion of these islands, in the light of modern research. Though it is in the well known British Battles Series, there is far more than mere fighting covered by the text. . . . Jack London still casts such a spell in odd places that the biography *Jack London* by Richard O'Connor (Gollancz 32s. 6d.) was worth writing so fully. One soon begins to perceive that if London, in a literary sense, was less of a portent than admirers think him, the facts of his brief, tempestuous and bizarre life make almost as good a tale in themselves as one of his own stories.

Finally, *The Sheltered Days* by Derek Lambert (André Deutsch 21s.) is a vivid book about what it was like to have a childhood in World War II. By and large, human nature comes out well in these pages, and we know for a fact that it did.

Philips have issued on one record (mono and stereo) a potted version of the opera (longer and less interrupted than "highlights") which is a fascinating reminder of its time. Not a note of jazz in it, of course; there never was. Only the plodding four-in-a-bar, sliding trombones, banjos and muted trumpets played so eagerly by the German "jazz" bands—pronounced *yetz bentz*—of the pre-Hitler years.

The new complete RCA-Victor recording of *Norma* (three records, mono and stereo) is an entirely Anglo-Saxon affair, from the cast headed by Joan Sutherland and three American principals to the London Symphony Orchestra and an anonymous chorus conducted by Miss Sutherland's husband, Mr. Richard Bonyngue. This ought to be sinisterly symptomatic of something or other, but in fact it is no more than a reunion in the solidly Anglo-Saxon surroundings of the Walthamstow Town Hall recording studio of four principal singers and a conductor who had already performed the work together in Vancouver two years ago.

With a number of passages usually cut now restored and others now sung in their original, higher keys (because Miss Sutherland can do that sort of thing on her ear) this *Norma* will satisfy most purists, and delight all admirers of Joan Sutherland who have been waiting to hear her in this exacting part for years. It isn't a one woman show by any means, however; Marilyn Horne as Adalgisa and John Alexander as Pollione both bring a welcome and much needed rhythmic vigour to the music. But I wish somebody could have supervised the Italian sung by this English-speaking cast. The Italian word *sacerdotal* (it means the same as in English) is sung on one occasion with great conviction as "sacerdotarrrr"—which suggests that the singer didn't know what he was singing about in any language.

Fourteen 78 r.p.m. sides never issued in LP form before make up the new *Caruso in Song* album (RCA-Victor, mono only)—a collection that is by no means a scraping of the bucket, which seems to be bottomless anyway. It consists for the most part of Caruso singing a Tosti ballad or two with his incredible virility and Neapolitan songs with his familiar charm and infectious enjoyment. The two really dramatic high spots, however, are not "songs" in the usual sense, but exacting arias—the

Cujus animam from Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and the *Ingemisco* from the Verdi *Requiem*. These are both wonderfully thrilling performances, the Verdi in particular giving one a pretty good idea at last of how Caruso must have sung this piece at the composer's funeral in 1901.

There is never exactly a lull in the recording of Mozart, but a couple of new records have the sort of freshness about them that makes one feel that Mozart had been rather neglected lately. One of them, most ably conducted by Colin Davis, is of *Symphonies Nos. 29, 25 and 32* (Philips, mono and stereo)—respectively the enchanting K 201 in A Major, the first and rather grave G Minor (K 183), and the fascinating K 318, which is half-overture, half-symphony (*sinfonia* in Italian means both, of course).

The other consists of two carefully contrasted Mozart *Piano Concertos No. 21 in C Major and No. 24 in C Minor* (CBS, mono and stereo) played by the French pianist Robert Casadesus and some of the Cleveland Orchestra conducted by Georg Szell. The first movement of the famous C Minor concerto (K 491), written during the composition of *Figaro*, is one of Mozart's most dramatic conceptions. By taking it slightly slower than usual Casadesus and Szell replace the drama with an unusual melancholy which, though it is unconventional and unexpected, nevertheless sounds oddly authentic and most moving. It is a quaint and rather pleasing experience.



Real-life husband and wife, Robert Shaw and Mary Ure, as a married couple in the film *The Luck of Ginger Coffey*

on records

Spike Hughes / The jazz that never was

The only difference between the post-First World War period and our post-Second World War period as far as I can see is that the 1920's seem to be lasting longer this time than last time. For about 20 years now we have had the intellectuals of all nations discovering jazz, Brecht and Weill, Stravinsky and Schoenberg; and American composers playing the piano with their elbows and picking the strings with their nails. As though all this were not familiar enough we are now offered once more a German opera which enjoyed a recurrent *succès de scandale* in its time (from 1927 to Hitler) as the first "jazz opera." It was called *Jonny Spielt Auf* ("Jonny

Strikes Up") and was written by Ernst Krenek (b. 1900); its hero was a multi-instrument man of unbelievable corniness, who played the banjo and the trumpet, but conquered the world with his violin.

Among the stage effects was a railway train for one of the characters to fall under, a motor car, a maid with a vacuum cleaner who did the Charleston, and—very modern—a loudspeaker. I thought I was probably the only person in Europe still alive who'd ever seen this piece. But no longer. The 1960's continue to catch up with the 1920's and *Jonny Spielt Auf* has been revived in Germany and has just had its first performance in Italy.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / My brief encounter

They put me on television a couple of weeks back. I don't suppose anyone saw me. It was B.B.C.2. The idea was that I should answer questions about recent big prices paid for pictures in the London salerooms. At short notice they sent a car for me and whipped me off to Ally Pally. On the way I tried to think up brilliant answers to the sort of questions they would ask.

"Of course the catalogue was wrong," I would say airily. "The picture wasn't by So-and-so at all, it was by What's his name." Or, again:

"Ah, but art isn't like Shakespeare's rose. Here there is everything in a name. Take that picture by Thingummy, for instance. Was it really by Thingummy, or was it by his son Thingummy the Younger? Or Thingummy the Younger's brother? Or even by Thingummy the Younger's brother's son? The difference is about a quarter of a million pounds."

But it didn't turn out that way at all. After they had

dabbed my bald head with a powder puff a young man hustled me into the studio. Two chairs placed so close together that our knees touched were waiting for us. There was a camera to left of us, a camera to right of us and a camera in front of us.

"We will just have a little rehearsal," said the young man. But then an older man, as bald as I am, popped out from behind a camera and powdered my head a bit more.

"Still shining on top," called a voice and the bald man dabbed harder.

Now the young man began to read from a typescript and pictures of a number of paintings appeared on the monitor screens. Over each was superimposed its price. I was relieved to see that they were the pictures I had expected to have to talk about, then I heard the young man saying, "...and here is Robert Wraight to answer the question." But what question? I had no idea. Still, it was only a rehearsal.

Must say something.

"Well, obviously," I began, "it depends on who painted the picture. Not just whom the catalogue says it is by but who really painted it." And I waffled on until the young man interrupted, somewhat pejoratively.

"Don't you think prices are getting out of hand?"

Now this question, asked in that way, gets me. Why, that very morning I had drafted an angry reply to a so-called "quality" newspaper that had published a letter from a reader who was "disgusted and sick to death with reading about the enormous prices paid for paintings." Tell such people that £905 million was squandered by British gamblers last year, I wrote, and they don't give a damn. Tell them that a property tycoon has paid half-a-million for a pseudo-Tudor mansion in Surrey or a dude ranch in Texas and they think "Lucky devil." But tell them that someone has paid a hundred-thousand or two for a masterpiece and they talk as if he ought to have given the money to them instead.

I saw my big chance to answer these people once and for all—with an audience of millions. And I plunged in with all the formidable weight of

argument I could command.

"No," I said, "I certainly don't think prices are getting out of hand. I..."

"Well thank you very much, Mr. Wraight," said the young man. The rehearsal was over.

Immediately afterwards we sat and watched it run through on the monitors. It took exactly two minutes fifty-two seconds.

"When do we do the real thing?" I asked the young man, still excited at the prospect of defending art—or, at any rate, the art market—against calumny and Philistines.

"That's it," he said. "No need to do it again. It's O.K."

"But..." I began, but it was no use. The young man was already on his way to the canteen.



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the first lady of beauty



Miss Elizabeth Arden

Good Looks by Evelyn Forbes

In a world now crammed with cosmetics, it is hard to realize that before the era of Elizabeth Arden beauty was a matter of luck. You either had a good complexion or—all too often—you hadn't; and for all except a fortunate few, cosmetics consisted of *papier poudre* and lip salve.

It was a small but dynamic woman who changed all this. Fifth child of a Scot, William Graham, and a Cornish woman, Susan Pierce Todd, who had emigrated to Canada at the end of the last century, Florence Nightingale Graham, remembered as a child who loved horses and flowers, had a message for all women. It was this, "You may be born without beauty but the woman doesn't live who cannot be made pleasant to look upon."

Influenced possibly by her name, Florence Graham started her working life as a dental nurse. She then took more training but decided that

was soon offered a partnership; but she had other ambitions. She studied until she had worked out a method of skin care based on natural skin processes. Having borrowed \$6,000, she opened her own salon on Fifth Avenue with the name of Elizabeth Arden, chosen because her current reading had included *Elizabeth and her German Garden* and the poem, *Enoch Arden*. The preparations she used were made to her formulae worked out with the help of a research chemist. These few preparations were based on the Cleanse, Tone, Nourish formula which are still the foundation of all Elizabeth Arden treatments. These three words have become so much part of beauty language that it is hard to realize what a revelation they were then.

The \$6,000 was paid back in a year and larger premises acquired. Other Elizabeth Arden salons opened and the

in Paris and London. There are now 229 and the number increases yearly. You can buy the attractive pink and blue packages, as good to see and smell as they are to use, in Hong Kong or Helsinki. I have even seen them in a *duka* in Kenya, in dukahns in off-the-beaten-track Indian stations. They are to be found on every passenger ship and on almost every airliner.

What of the woman who, more than anyone else, symbolizes the cosmetic industry? She has fair hair, blue eyes, delicate wrists and ankles and the rose petal complexion known everywhere as the Elizabeth Arden skin. It is the reward of those who, like its author, follow the Elizabeth Arden routine, day in day out. Miss Arden has an iron constitution and boundless energy so that she can cram an Atlantic flight, a board meeting, a visit to her Irish stables and a press reception into 36 hours

stick shade that bears her name. Her enthusiasm and search for new beauty ideas is still white hot. I remember, not so long ago, when I lunched with her in New York, she had just returned from a visit to an out of town oculist whom she had found time to visit because she had heard of a new eye preparation he had formulated.

Her insistence on perfection sometimes makes her a very demanding employer, but for all that an adored one. I remember one of her New York staff telling me with tears in her eyes how she had tragically lost a jewelled pin given her by her late husband, and how Miss Arden had secretly had it copied from her own amazing memory so that it was perfect in every detail. Every member of the Elizabeth Arden staff all over the world receives a card on her birthday and a packet of flower seeds for her garden at Easter. Miss Arden

Free as air

Aircraft tow them to a launching height of 2,000 feet and after that it is up to air currents and the skill of individual pilots, of whom there were 86 involved in the 1965 World Gliding Championships at South Cerney in

Gloucestershire, representing 30 countries. New glider designs were on display—among them one from Russia—when the Minister of Aviation, Mr. Roy Jenkins, M.P., performed the opening ceremony

Spectators duck into a hedgerow as a sailplane comes in low



PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Mr. Edward Makula of Poland, the world open class gliding champion, in the cockpit of his Zephir 111



R.A.F. trainer aircraft, used for towing the gliders, coming in to land above the sailplanes



Captain Nick Goodhart, R.N., the British No. 2 pilot



Countess Bathurst watching the gliders. Earl Bathurst gave an eve-of-the-championship barbecue party at their home, Cirencester Park



Indian team members, Mr. R. K. Wason, team manager, and Mr. V. B. Gupta, inspect their glider



Mr. Philip Wills, chairman of the British Gliding Association which organized this year's world championships

DINING IN

Helen Burke / Mediterranean marrows

Just about now we should see some young vegetable marrows; probably hothouse or grown under cloches and, of course, expensive. But the outdoor ones will soon come along. I like to buy them when they are not more than eight inches in length and when their seeds have formed but are still soft enough to be eaten. If you think that this is odd, try cooking them with their "insides" intact. But if the seeds have become too firm they must be discarded. I reason, however, that Nature is putting her best into these seeds and, if we are lucky enough to get marrows when their seeds are as soft as those of young cucumbers, why not try eating them seeds and all. I avoid boiling marrows in water because they become waterlogged.

For four servings, cut an 8-inch marrow into four slices and peel. Melt an ounce or so of butter in a wide pan which has a lid. Place the marrow rings in it in one layer. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper.

Add a tablespoon of water, cover closely and cook for 10 minutes over a good heat. Turn and repeat, adding a little water if necessary. The point is to have enough water to prevent the butter burning, for in it finally will be the essence of the marrow. Serve with this buttery sauce spooned over them.

Vary the dish by placing the rings on a heatproof dish, sprinkling them with grated cheese and placing them under the grill just long enough to melt it. Or when turning them, add just a touch of the juice from a clove of garlic, squeezed through a press.

For a more savoury topping, chop a rasher of streaky bacon and in it gently cook a chopped shallot until it begins to brown. Add 2 to 3 chopped, skinned and deseeded tomatoes and, if liked, the juice from half a clove of garlic. Cook these together to evaporate most of the liquid. Meanwhile, the marrow rings will have been cooking on one side. Turn them, place a por-

tion of the tomato mixture on each, and finish off the cooking as above.

If you like to coat the rings of marrow with Béchamel sauce, cook them on both sides and make the sauce this way: simmer just under an ounce of flour in an ounce of melted butter and then, away from the heat, stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of hot milk to which has been added a very tiny pinch of grated nutmeg. Return to the heat and simmer, stirring, until the sauce is of an even consistency and the flour is cooked.

An 8-inch marrow is delicious when stuffed. I like it the way stuffed courgettes are served in the south of France. Peel and halve the marrow and boil it in salted water for about 5 minutes. Fry a chopped shallot in a tablespoon of olive oil. Add 6 to 7 oz. of minced raw lamb and fry until brown, breaking up the knots of meat which form. Add a teaspoon of tubed tomato purée (or 2 chopped, skinned and deseeded tomatoes), the juice from a clove of garlic and 1 to 2 tablespoons of dry white wine and simmer together for about 20 minutes. Season very well. Add 2 to 3 tablespoons of dry breadcrumbs and a teaspoon of freshly chopped parsley or, better, a quarter teaspoon of

powdered rosemary. Scoop out the seed parts of the marrow with a spoon and pile a portion of the filling into each half. Sprinkle with grated cheese—Parmesan, for preference, but any dryish mild cheese will do. Place in a baking-tin, sprinkle with a little more oil and bake at a high temperature (425° F. or gas mark 7) to colour the cheese.

COURGETTES, which have been coming to us from abroad for a long time, are now being produced in fair quantities by our own growers. They are cooked, even when whole, so quickly that one may very easily overdo them.

In one of London's leading gourmet restaurants they are served whole, but peeled, thus: peel two fair-sized courgettes for each person. Place them in one row in a pan with 2 tablespoons of water and sprinkle with a little salt and a few grains of cayenne. Cover tightly and proceed to cook for four minutes.

Drain off any mixture left. For 8 courgettes, add 2 oz. of unsalted butter and finish off the cooking over a low heat when the courgettes will be slightly translucent and will have a slightly greenish tone. Spoon the butter over them and serve.



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MOTORING

The Bond Equipe G.T.

Wherever I parked, my car became the centre of attention. Passers by would admire its svelte lines and look all round to find out its make. This was not easy, for the nameplate merely stated Equipe G.T., which did little to help. Few realized it was a Bond, evolved in Preston, Lancashire, where its sponsors (Sharp's Commercials, Ltd.) have long been well known for their three-wheeled vehicles. When Sharp decided to diversify, they realized that the speediest and most practical way of getting started would be to produce a glamorized version of an existing car.

Being experts in the production of glass-fibre bodies, and having one on the drawing board, all they needed was a chassis. They chose the Triumph Herald, because this is almost the only light car in production today not of monocoque construction: that is, having a body of pressed steel which forms the chassis as well. Hence, by buying the bare bones of the Herald from Triumphs, Bond bodywork of exotic design produced the

cleanly down to the tail, and beautifully finished. My test model was white, but other colours are available at a small extra charge—even tangerine, they tell me. Glass-fibre bodywork holds several inherent advantages; it does not rust or corrode, and the sort of minor accident which dents a steel body leaves it unmarked because it springs back to shape. If the accident is of more serious type, glass-fibre can be built up again, and even holes filled in, with a repair kit which the owner himself can easily handle. Touching up with paint, or respraying, is also readily practicable at a much lower cost than with the conventional steel body. One further advantage is that as glass-fibre is a "dead" material a body made of it is devoid of resonance or drumming. The doors and bulkhead on the Bond are in steel, and both are treated with strong anti-corrosive. One is entitled, therefore, to call the Bond a fully weatherproof car, which can be left out of doors at night without fear of damage from

ride and safe handling properties devoid of any tricks to catch out the unsuspecting driver. Its steering is light and accurate and the turning circle is remarkably tight—the car can be made to revolve in a circle 25 feet in diameter. Disc brakes are fitted to the front wheels, drum type to the rear. The four-cylinder engine is that of the Triumph Spitfire, 1,147 c.c. in capacity and with 9 to 1 compression ratio, which calls for premium (but not necessarily the super grade) petrol. It develops 67 b.h.p. at 6,000 r.p.m. and has twin carburettors. An immediate starter from cold, it warmed up very quickly during my test and was ready to deliver its full performance almost at once. Top speed I found to be very near to 90 m.p.h., with restful cruising at 70 m.p.h., and conversation in normal tones was possible the whole time. Acceleration was brisk, and with the best part of 70 m.p.h. available in third gear overtaking was usually safe and positive, with minimal time spent on the wrong side of the road.

been mastered there is no particular snag about this. The gearchange mechanism, with a central floor-mounted lever, struck me as being among the nicest I have used. The Bond contribution includes front seats of real bucket type, which provide plenty of side support for their occupants on bends taken at speed. In the back compartment leg room is decidedly restricted and adult occupants have to sit slightly askew, with headroom also curtailed through the slope of the roof at the back. Nevertheless, the rear seats would probably be found adequate by many people for short journeys, while children are readily accommodated. The two doors are wide enough to allow reasonably dignified entrance and exit and the entire front body section—bonnet, wings, radiator grille with dual headlights and all—swings upwards and forwards to give first-class access to the engine. There is, moreover, good accommodation for luggage in the boot. At £829 I think the Bond offers full value, especial-

Weddings & Engagements

Levis-Crum: Gillian, daughter of Air Commodore & Mrs. L. G. Levis, of Wellingore, Lincoln, was married to Flying Officer Simon Erskine Crum, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. D. Erskine Crum, of New Delhi, at St. Clement Dane's, Strand



Foulkes-Fenwick: Valerie Howard, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Foulkes, of Littlecroft, Corbridge, Northumberland, was married to Christopher Mark, son of Mr. & Mrs. Trevor Fenwick, of Dalton House, Dalton, Northumberland, at St. Andrew's, Corbridge



NORMAN A. CHALK

Miss Jacqueline Margaret Strasmore to Mr. Jonathan Gestetner: *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Lionel Strasmore, of Crophorne Court, W.9. *He* is the son of the late Mr. Sigmund Gestetner, and of Mrs. Gestetner, of Charles Street, W.1



Miss Kirstine Grahame Meikle to Dr. Nigel St. John Davison. *She* is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. G. W. C. Meikle, of Wellington College, Berks. *He* is the son of the late Major D. S. Davison, D.S.O., 2 Royal Lancs (I.A.), and Mrs. Davison, of Camberley, Surrey



YEVONDE

Miss Anthea Mabel King-Wilkinson to Mr. Kerry Michael Hodson: *She* is the daughter of Col. & Mrs. L. C. King-Wilkinson, of Saltburn, Clitheroe, Lancs. *He* is the son of Mr. & Mrs. T. W. Hodson, of Costelloe, Connemara, Ireland

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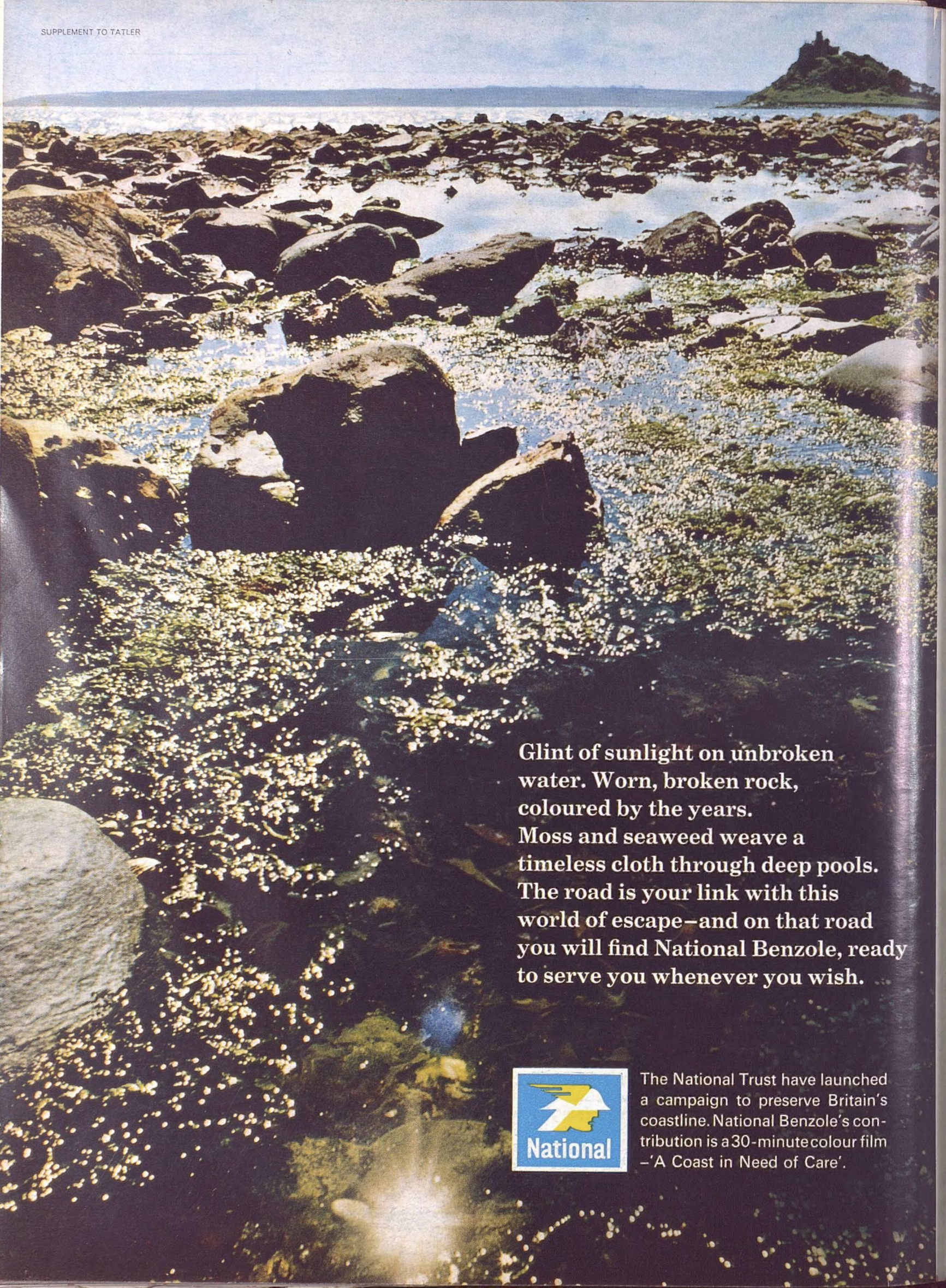
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